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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

COULD anything have been more foolish than the eleventh-hour attempt of the British Government to show its disapproval of the Irish Free State Hospitals Sweep? If they had said their say four months ago when contributions were being first sent, the public would have smiled, but they would have respected the decision — to "go full steam astern" when the boat full of money was already, as it were, in Dublin was a grotesque and almost meaningless action. Besides, the public loves a sweep and a sweep it will have, by hook or by crook. I should not like to tell Mr. Clynes how many tickets I have taken in club sweeps in Pall Mall and Piccadilly—including clubs to which I did not belong.

Glamour of the Sweep

But rightly or wrongly, unless the British Government acts and initiates a sweep of its own, it is quite certain that the Irish Free State will receive at least a million pounds and more for its Grand National sweep next March, and heaven only knows how much more for its Derby one in June. Indeed, people will rush for the Free State gambles, and after the numerous doubts and difficulties of last year's Calcutta, that famous sweep will be eclipsed, at least so far as popularity over here is concerned. All of which means, put into pounds, shillings, and pence, that a large sum of British money each year will find its way to the Free State and stay there.

* * * *

CHRISTMAS will find a greater number of people "out-of-work" than this country has ever known. It will tax the resources of the many who are charitably-minded to keep pace with the thousand and one demands that will be made on their pockets. A surprising number of people have already "funked" the ordeal by going abroad, as much to escape the insatiable expense as to save themselves from the hollow hypocrisy of that Christmas "feeling" when two and a half millions are in need.

Christmas Contrasts

* * * *

As a contrast, one of the most cheerful Christmas gatherings I ever encountered was in a lumber camp in Northern Ontario. There were abundant decorations brought in from the woods and the assembly was a motley one, composed of every European nationality. The day was kept as only men in the backwoods—who, by the by, do not "drink," because wine and spirits are not allowed there by law—can keep it. The big stockpot had bear steak, wild duck, venison, moose, rough grouse, hare, pickerel and perch among its many constituents. The plum-pudding brought up by team from the nearest railway line, 120 miles away, was crammed full of Empire ingredients; there were mince-pies as large as soup plates; tea, coffee, cocoa, with smokes of all kinds, warmth, good fellowship, and rarely a coarse word. Indeed, some of the men pulled out of their private sacks pictures of their homes in the Tyrol, the Black Forest, Polish villages, and Russian steppes, and looked at them, remembering other days, while at a "concert" in the main hut I heard songs in almost every European language and uncommonly fine voices.

Christmas in the Woods

* * * *

IT was an international gathering and a Christian one, for a Catholic priest and an

ON page 300 of his Nature of the Physical World, Sir Arthur Eddington writes: "Human life is proverbially uncertain; few things are more certain than the solvency of a life-insurance company."

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Anglican missionary, both going their winter rounds of the woods, were there.

Thankful, if Poor

I found that Christmas meant much more to these men on the outskirts of existence and the frontiers of Empire than it does to many of the prosperous citizens of London and other great cities here and in the Dominions.

* * * *

WHO produced the first Christmas-card? I am told it was printed in 1843, designed by J. C. Horsley, R.A., for Sir Henry Cole, the first Director of the South Kensington Museum. It is suggested that Dickens was responsible for the idea and the growth of the custom. For the better appreciation of the scene in the Canadian woods, let me add that the first Christmas-card depicted a good feast.

First Christmas Card

* * * *

DICKENS, whose first Christmas story appeared in 1843, laid stress on the material comforts of the season, good cheer within being emphasized by chilly weather outside. He invented, however, in "Pickwick" the odd figure, Saint Christmas, as if a mass could be a saint as well. The meaning of the familiar word is now generally forgotten, but I seem to remember that it was once denounced by a strong Protestant who disliked the mention of a "mass" as Popish, and wished to popularize some paraphrase like "Christ-tide." Unfortunately for him, his name was Mr. Massey Massey, and his protest was dissolved in laughter when it was suggested that he should change it to Mr. Tidey Tidey.

Christmas Protests and Curiosities

I met, a few years ago, a member of one of the Polar expeditions at the first public meeting celebrating the return. He told me that, in order to celebrate Christmas properly—in weather cold enough to satisfy Dickens's sense of contrast

—he had kept a plum-pudding concealed about his person as a secret, and produced it in triumph for the right day. The English must be English, even in the region of the South Pole.

* * * *

THE now universal turkey, coming, as it does, from America, does not go far back in English custom. It has usurped the place of roast beef, which Haeckel, the serious scientist, described as at the back of the English character. The real ecclesiastical part of the Christmas feast is the mince-pie, which Selden in his "Table Talk" puts down as a "church meat" presenting the sacred "cratch" or cradle. So the oblong mince-pies, tilted up at both ends, are more correct than the round species.

Fading Traditions

In the country till recently some villages maintained a party of Christmas mummers who acted a traditional play. But long since, in the village I knew, this was contaminated by the addition of music-hall songs. No traditional play is presented by the big restaurants which attract so many during the "Daft Days," as the Scotch call them. The Christmas pantomimes are, indeed, confined to a few well-worn themes of a familiar sort, but the old rough-and-tumble, which is as thoroughly English as the violence of Punch, has largely disappeared from the drama.

* * * *

THE failure of the Imperial Conference is somewhat discounted by the belief among the majority of men that the fruits which should have been gathered are likely to be plucked at Ottawa some time next year after the funeral obsequies of the Socialist Government have taken place. The wilder men of the Party are notoriously restive and, when they are asked to explain, refuse to consider themselves guilty of misbehaviour.

A Tottering Government

* * * *

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is much more uneasy over Sir John Simon's defection than he was over the Asquith-Grey flutter in the Liberal dovecotes a few years ago. For Sir John these days is a doughty foe. I recall well Sir John's father, the pastor of a Congregational chapel in Argyle Street in Bath only a hundred yards or so from the County Club. He lived next door to a former classical tutor of Corpus, Oxford, and the tutor and old Mr. Simon used to discuss "John's future." But possibly the one man in Lower Weston in those days who believed and said, "John Simon will go very far," was the vicar of St. John's, who rejoiced in the name of John Church Church, and who is, I believe, still vicar there. Well, Sir John carries big guns, so big that the Government of India's memorandum presented to the Round Table Conference looks small "fry" by the side of the Indian Commission (Simon) Report. Mr. Lloyd George cannot afford to allow the leadership to drop out of his hands into Sir John's right-hand pocket, but this he will assuredly do if he persists in patting Mr. Ramsay MacDonald on the back by voting for him every time he thinks there is a danger of the Socialist Government being defeated.

New Liberal Leader?

* * * *

A FORMER British officer who knows North Russia and Karelia well tells me that the woods along Lakes Onega and Ladoga are being depleted of timber, and even the stunted pine woods that grow north towards Murmansk and are of doubtful value are being cut down. Men, women and children to the number of over 200,000 have been taken to this region where, living in an Arctic climate, they have to work 12–16 hours a day, seven days in the week, herded together in hideous, unsanitary lumber camps, fed on black bread, swamp water, and evil-smelling broth, under

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the severest of taskmasters and the most brutal of regulations. The thousands of "political" prisoners have to work at timber-cutting and sawing as well.

* * * *

"AND we go marching on." Such was the exclamation or ejaculation of Lord Beaverbrook after his so-called "triumph" at South Paddington. But the question that is being asked now is "Why do not the Crusaders charge Whitechapel?" They leave the official Conservative Party "in the line" there, content only to choose the "safe" and "cushy" spots for their "storm troops." Surely Lord Beaverbrook is "retiring in échelon from the left of companies."

Crusaders Retiring in the Echelon

* * * *

THERE are rumours abroad that radical changes are to be made in the Army, and soldiers of the old school would be shocked if they knew how radical these changes are said to be. To whet the spirit of this age of mechanization, it is said that one out of every four cavalry regiments will be converted into armoured car regiments, as has been the fate already of the 11th Hussars and the 12th Royal Lancers. Further, it is proposed to mechanize half of the infantry as well. This can only be done if the 2nd Battalion of each regiment is turned into a fully mechanized unit, or in other words, a mechanized machine-gun unit.

The Army-to-be on Wheels

In order not to hurt the feelings of the infantry, these 2nd battalions will not lose their regimental designations. Whatever others may think of it, I am told the regiments themselves are quite keen on becoming "tank wallahs," and in fact are mechanization mad.

It is quite clear that something of this kind will have to be done if the policy of mechanization continues to develop. The only problem is how to do it without treading on too many corns.

Correspondence

Tariffs in Theory and Practice

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Hirst expresses in your November issue what it has long been necessary to impress upon the British electorate when he says that in making Free Trade and Protection an affair of Parties, Truth is left at the bottom of the well.

Tariff questions primarily affect the satisfaction of people's needs, a satisfaction which can only be achieved by the exchange of commodities, and it should be the duty of the Government of all civilised peoples to collate information which would readily indicate at any time the effect on a nation's trade of the ever-changing conditions in the panorama of the world's activities, and it should be the business of Parliament to legislate for the application of methods to deal with those changes in the best interests of a country. It is only a waste of time and money to appoint Parliamentary Committees or Commissions of Inquiry for investigating these matters, when, for more than one reason, a pure analysis of fact cannot be expected from them, and it can only be a greater waste of time and money to pretend to make such investigations, when it is generally accepted beforehand that the conclusions must assume the hue of the respective political parties.

It is easy to regard the whole present industrial and economic trouble as the evil of a prolonged aftermath of the War, and, content in our political and economic inertia, to wait for something to turn up that will either magically extricate us from our difficulties, or that will carry us in the unenviable position of passengers in a general revival without making due effort for our own economic salvation.

We do not appear to have even attempted any thorough analysis of the economic situation; perhaps, our Press has been too occupied in their search of slogans for self-created leaders of so-called political parties which tell us they are going marching on, but say not where.

Great Britain, through her natural resources and her geographical position, requires markets; we have neither the rolling prairies of the United States, nor the black loam belt of Canada, nor the wheat-fields of Russia to supply our food, but we have had to look in the past to these vast agricultural districts for the necessaries of life, and we paid for those imports with our textiles, iron and steel; in the world's exchange, cotton that we sent to China paid for the wheat we imported from other countries, and the English bill circulated almost as freely as the domestic circulation of Bank-notes.

But the world has changed; more than one-third of the demand has dropped out of the markets; we do not know what length of time will elapse before that huge proportion of the world's population—Russia and China—make their re-entry into the sphere of international commerce, but we do know that, if and when they re-enter the commercial area, our haphazard methods and our confusion of economic principles with political labels will vitiate our progress, if it does not entirely stultify it.

In the meantime, we are faced with abnormal conditions. The science and invention of the nineteenth century have proceeded so rapidly in the satisfaction of man's wants, and agricultural development has been so far outpaced that

there is certainly scope for research and investigation which would enable Great Britain to formulate expedients to meet what we hope is only a temporary emergency. It is said, for instance, that tariffs reduce the purchasing power of a country imposing them, but, far from suggesting universal imposition of tariffs of all imports into Great Britain, it is surely practicable to measure the result upon our national production in any industry or group of industries by analysing the joint factors of the volume of demand, the degree of necessity in the lives of the people, and the margin of protection that would be required to bring those industries or that group within the scope of national development.

The only attempt which appears to have been made in this direction was safeguarding, and that appears to have been operated upon the ludicrous principle of representations by trades and parties interested therein, and, of course, in some instances, to meet the exigencies of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The best that could be said for the system was that it was an attempt to safeguard the national industries, but it was clearly not the conclusion of impartial economic investigation irrespective of parties.

Until machinery is instituted which will provide the necessary information and the collation of facts for scientific application to our economic difficulties, we shall continue to flounder about without any vigorous effort or definitiveness of purpose to work out our own salvation.

Yours etc.,
THOS. DRURY.

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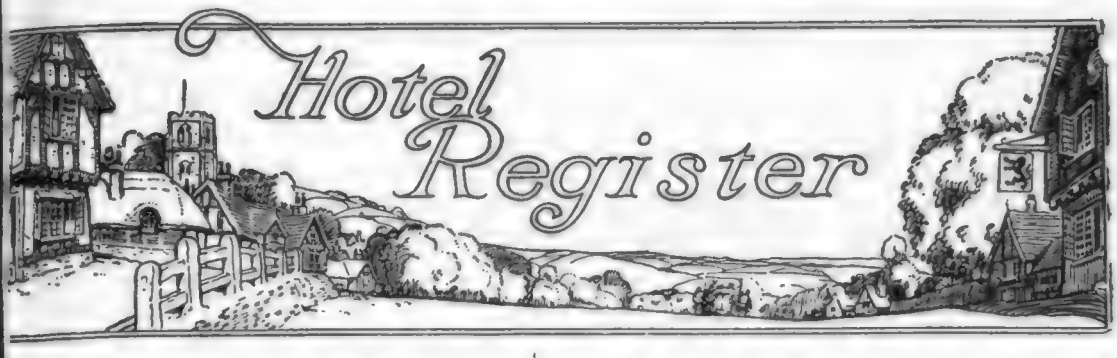

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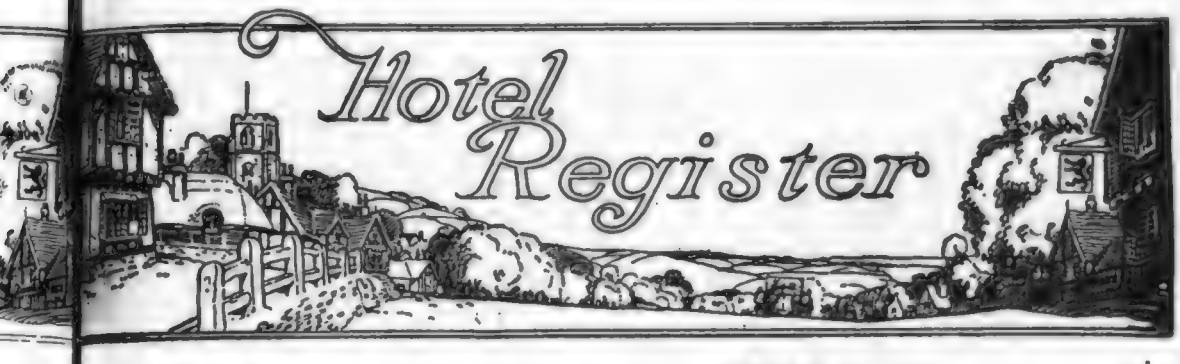

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
DECEMBER, 1930

Current Comments

UNNECESSARILY harsh words have been used of the Government's handling of the Imperial Conference.

The Imperial Conference

It became quite clear from the start that no substantial lowering of the existing tariffs against British goods was to be looked for from any of the Dominions, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was quite justified in saying that the Conference had killed Empire Free Trade at the start. The reason for this was not any inherent flaw in the Empire Free Trade case, but the fact that Mr. Bennett had just been sent into office on a programme for higher tariffs, and that the other Dominion premiers had, at the least, no mandate for reducing tariff barriers. The increase in existing preferences which Mr. Bennett offered as the inducement to us to modify our own Free Trade system was minute, and in any case the Labour Government had no mandate for the imposition of a tariff here. The only thing which the exigencies of the real political situation allowed was a continuance of existing preferences. This Mr. Snowden agreed to, and more could not have been expected. The blame for the "failure" of the Conference lies with the electorate who returned a large Free Trade majority, and with the Conservative Party, who have contributed to this result by their periodical fits of nerves over the wisdom of their own tariff policy.

ON the constitutional side, the process of evolution, initiated under the Coalition Government, proceeded still further.

Empire and Sovereignty

But once the position was reached, as it had been long ago, that the Crown exercises its sovereignty over the Dominions on the advice of the Dominion Ministers and not on the advice of Ministers responsible to our own Parliament, the dividing line between Empire and Alliance had been passed. It appears now that the personal link of a common sovereignty is to be modified in character by the appointment of the Governors-General on the advice of the Dominions to whom they are

deputed. But in all this there is nothing to be deplored. The only possible alternative to the new system was the federal system, and no serious person except Mr. Lionel Curtis ever advocated that solution, which would have either deprived all the Dominions of their independence, or if their representation jointly outweighed ours, have deprived us of our own. Government, in the sense of executive power, can only exist anywhere, where it serves the needs of the governed. For a unitary government, a supreme executive for Great Britain and the Dominions, there is no need, and the very cogent arguments which support the British claim to a decided voice in the Central Government of India show equally conclusively that no case exists for any control by an Imperial executive over the Dominions. If only the Indian affair could have been treated by all parties with the same frank realism that has governed our relations with the Dominions, we should not be faced with the present crisis.

India at the Cross-roads

It is impossible to say much that is useful about the Indian Conference. One party to the Conference is occupied in talking about rights, and another about the practical requirements of the case. The Indian Princes may prove to be the arbiters in the long run, but beyond giving a general assent to the federal principle they have not defined their attitude. As we said last month, any attempt to solve any constitutional problem on the basis of a right to govern is foredoomed to failure. The only question is the ability to govern. Government is a necessary evil and no nation to-day tries the unenviable and difficult task of governing other races for its own amusement. These situations spring from facts, and change as facts change. The only question to which the spokesmen of British India have to address themselves is their ability to provide, under any given system of government which they wish to propose, the services which a central government in India has got to provide if it is to endure. Those services vary between countries according to the racial religions, geographical and political facts of the case. In India they are infinitely more varied, more difficult and more extensive even than for ourselves with our vast colonial Empire. They are a thousand

times more complex than the services which any of the Dominion Executives are called on to render to their nationals.

Account Rendered, 1900–1930

Sir Ernest Benn's new book, "Account Rendered, 1900–1930," should be read by every one interested in politics. Unfortunately, no one is interested in politics, not even the politicians. I make an exception in favour of Mr. Snowden and Mr. Winston Churchill, who are keenly interested in the principles which they profess, who think it matters if they are ignored, and who earn the jocular contempt of the vast majority of all parties in the House of Commons by their seriousness. For the rest, the silly prattle about "world causes" seems a sufficient excuse for dismissing all serious argument about domestic politics as waste of time. As for the public, any newspaper which gave the space to-day to politics which every newspaper gave fifty years ago would be bankrupt in a year. Why this should be so is hard to understand, but it is a fact. I cannot therefore anticipate a large sale for Sir Ernest Benn's book. People have got a deep-rooted feeling to-day that politics do not matter, and with the logic characteristic of our age, they allow this feeling to dominate them to the extent of being willing to allow the politicians to interfere in every detail of their business and their private lives. When faced with the results, the politicians talk about world causes and the people yawn. "At any rate," they seem to say, "we are not responsible . . . but let us try the effect of a few more laws and see what happens then." What has happened is that we are hurrying, very fast, towards bankruptcy. Sir Josiah Stamp estimated the total capital assets of this nation, *acquired by centuries of effort* and imagination, at about £23,000 millions. Sir Ernest Benn, on a very conservative estimate, estimates the capital liabilities piled up by successive governments *since 1914* at over £20,000 millions. Is anyone interested?

The Conservative Leadership

The disputes about the Conservative leadership have ended as was expected in a vote of confidence for Mr. Baldwin. The disputes have done no harm, and we may hope that the vote of confidence will be equally innocuous. That the political leadership of the State will

pass to Mr. Baldwin within the next twelve months is reasonably certain. The question which matters is whether the moral leadership of the nation is to remain in commission, or whether that is to be joined for the first time for many years to the secular office of Prime Minister. The acid test is economy. Are we to see four more years of petty cheese-paring, of promises of much more jam to-morrow, if only we content ourselves with just a fraction more jam to-day, or is the nation at last going to be told by the leader of a responsible party that the game is up, that policy needs not to be slowed down, but reversed, and that private has got to take the place of public effort? If he takes his stand on that platform, Mr. Baldwin will come to power, perhaps with a smaller parliamentary majority, but with the respect of everyone, and the active support of an enthusiastic party. Will the hour produce the man?

The Coming Election

How long will the Government last? There comes a time in the life of all governments when this question is asked, and to ask it is to answer it. No government ever survives the beginnings of these inquiries more than twelve months, and few survive them less than four months. It is obvious that the Liberal Party are not disposed to defeat the Government, and it is most unlikely that Sir John Simon's defection will have any more influence on politics to-day than it did in 1916. There are, however, clear indications that the number of subjects on which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald can secure co-operation both between his own left wing and the Liberals is limited, and that on these very subjects he may expect opposition from the House of Lords. In the long or short run this combination of facts means either a Government defeat or the abandonment of such a proportion of their programme as will force them to ask for a fresh mandate. Whether the election will come before or after the Budget appears to depend on Mr. Lloyd George's attitude to the Trades Disputes Bill, and on the Government's anxiety to introduce the Budget. That a compromise could be arranged is certain; that it will be is doubtful. Meanwhile the rumours of a Labour-Liberal coalition can be disregarded. The ambitious group which is hoping in due course to seize the reins of

power in the Labour Party may very probably be engaged undermining Mr. MacDonald's position, but they will not explode their mine in order to restore Mr. Lloyd George to office on any terms which the Liberal Party would accept. Incidentally, the country has views about these things which cannot be indefinitely disregarded by even the most advanced politicians.

A New Coalition?

We need not, we hope, take any more seriously the rumours of a three-party coalition. That it may become necessary to form a national government is true, but the rumours now current are favouring not a national but an anti-national government, a coalition of the profligates of all parties to put through a vast programme of expenditure. The purpose of such a coalition would be to re-habilitate politicians as a class among that large section of the population which believes that the only cure for anything is expenditure. The psychology of the politicians concerned is, of course, quite intelligible; they are following the line of reasoning which leads the defaulting cashier, on the eve of the audit of his accounts, to one last robbery, in the hope that on a final gamble he may recover all. The gamble in this case is, of course, more calculated. It is possible always to stimulate employment temporarily by borrowing money and distributing it to the consumer. Those who wish to do this have the hope that before the ultimate results of this policy—higher prices and more unemployment—have shown themselves, an opportune general election might be arranged for the discomfiture of the "reactionary" parties. The calculations which make certain sections of the Press talk seriously about the prospects of a coalition for purposes such as this are, we hope and believe, erroneous.

Russia: Some Facts

The *Economist* has issued in pamphlet form an exceptionally valuable and authoritative report on the working of the five-years' plan in Russia. More nonsense is talked about Russia by Conservatives and Socialists alike than about anything else. This pamphlet gives the facts, and ought to be read by all honest politicians. It shows two things quite clearly. The first is that the Russian Government, unlike our own, are alive to the nature of

the economic crisis, and have realized that increased production per head is the only means of increasing the standard of living. There is no nonsense being talked in Moscow about over-production and under-consumption. Moscow's disciples in Bloomsbury might do well to note this. The second thing is that the Russian Government are not afraid to govern. They have insisted ruthlessly on hard work and continuous work, and it is their insistence which has won them the support of at least a large minority of their constituents. The collective productive effort of the Russian peoples is a stupendous fact and shows conclusively not only that the British Labour policy of restricting production by high taxation and shorter hours makes no appeal to Russian Socialists, but that, given the requisite incentives, production can be re-started, in even the most unfavourable conditions, on economic lines.

Russian Industry

THE industrial effort is quite as great as the agricultural, and likely to be more successful. The records of increased output in the basic industries are astonishing. What will result, if the effort is successfully maintained, is an aristocracy of productive labour, and the extent to which the effort will be maintained depends apparently on the extent to which the privileges accorded to the successful workmen, foremen and managers are accepted by politically-minded enthusiasts. The problem here is more political than is the case with the larger, and more important, agricultural experiment. The Government in Moscow learnt their lesson early as far as agriculture was concerned. Their attempt to coerce the peasants failed last year. For industry, the big State trading combines have no competitors. They will succeed or fail largely according to whether the shortage of food and other necessities is relieved by increased agricultural production, and according to whether adequate rewards are given to successful managers and workmen. Prophecy is foolish. If the experiment succeeds, it will succeed because it recognizes the two timeless truths about all business enterprises. The first is that the secret of success is hard work : the second is that hard work must be encouraged.

D. J.

The Twilight of Reason

By Douglas Jerrold

I PROPOSE in this article to deal with what history will certainly regard as the most surprising aspect of the present economic crisis. I refer to the decline in the respect for *Reason*, without which the present crisis could never have come into being.

To-day men appear seriously to believe that the State is omnipotent, and honest men accordingly believe that by becoming members of the State legislature they themselves acquire omnipotence. In my judgment, this almost incredible fact outweighs the significance of anything else in politics. If it be urged that no one is so mad as to hold this belief, I answer that if they do not hold this belief, they ought to, since the whole of modern politics is based on the assumption that *2* and *2, plus* an Act of Parliament, can make *5*. If legislators do not believe themselves omnipotent, then this assumption is ill-founded, and our legislators, acquitted of insanity, are guilty of fraud.

Mr. Austin Hopkinson, in his article on "The Twilight of Democracy" in last month's issue of this REVIEW, clearly inclines to this explanation. He sees in modern English politics merely the prosaic spectacle of a majority corrupted by astute but dishonourable men. I wish I could share his optimism. I do not, however, believe that the explanation is so simple or so satisfying.

Let us be practical. If the cures put forward for the ills of our time by our advanced politicians were put forward in bad faith, is it credible that, in the face of their proved futility, they would persist in recommending them? We know that the attempt to cure the housing shortage by housing legislation sent up the price of houses to a point which made it impossible for the private builder to build them, and that it also depreciated the quality of the houses so far that the ultimate capital loss on an Addison house will exceed the whole cost of a house built by private enterprise to-day. Yet every politician, still feeling guiltily responsible (as indeed he should) when he sees a slum, instead of suggesting one

of twenty or thirty possible remedies which have not been tried, flies at once to the one remedy which has been proved useless over and over again, namely, Direct Legislation.

Again, we know as a fact that the forcible increase of the purchasing power of certain classes by State action, and the expenditure of vast capital sums on so-called "productive" and "development" works, have been accompanied by a continuous increase in unemployment. Yet every political party continues to regard it as its first duty to produce a programme of capital expenditure and direct personal subsidies to cure or palliate unemployment.

Yet again, we know from every textbook of elementary history that the civil wars, religious persecutions, national wars and social revolutions of the last twelve years form a record very exceptional in history. We have seen civil war in the United Kingdom, and the return in Italy and Spain and in the Near East of dictatorship based on force; we have seen anarchy and pillage, not always, or even usually, under that form of legalized barbarism which we call war, from Warsaw to Vladivostock, from Archangel to the North-West Frontier of India, over long periods of years. Indeed, the most striking commentary on the decline of the rule of law over the world lies in the fact that, as I write, the brightest spot in the landscape east of Poland (itself the daily scene of armed conflict) is the comparative peace which reigns in Russia. There, by contrast with conditions east and south-east, mere political persecution passes unnoticed.

Yet there is no politician who does not profess the view that the history of international affairs during the last twelve years marks a direct and substantial advance towards an era of universal justice and peace, or who dreams of questioning publicly the value to these causes of the treaties, pacts, guarantees and conventions which have accompanied the return to the rule of force of two-thirds of the civilized world. Nor do our politicians appear to see anything challenging to this view in the return of the menace of war to Western Europe. They seem, on the contrary, serenely confident. When one conference breaks up in any angry *impasse*, they gaily

announce the date of the next as the certain inauguration of the millennium.

We should be optimists indeed if we imagined that this irrationality was confined to our attitude towards the immediate questions. Unfortunately, it is to be found equally in our attitude towards the future. If we were engaged, like the Bolsheviks, in an effort to recondition old industries and create and equip new ones, out of income, even at the price of liberty and by means of persecution, we could claim to be building for posterity. The building we were putting up might be so faulty that it was foredoomed to collapse, but at least it would be a building constructed out of the blood and tears of our generation, and accruing unencumbered to future generations. We in England, on the contrary, are doing the precise opposite. To win this election or that, to placate this class or that interest, we have in the last sixteen years incurred capital liabilities substantially exceeding £20,000 millions, of which only £7,000 millions are due to war. In other words, while the Bolsheviks are genuinely, if mistakenly, building for the future, we are busy buying a way out of our present difficulties at the expense of posterity. And the alarming, the literally shocking, figure of the capital liabilities assumed in the last twelve years is being daily increased. Only last week the Ministry of Transport proudly announced a new programme of capital works to cost £100 millions, or nearly one-seventh of our total pre-war indebtedness. Yet we have already spent on our roads nearly £500 millions since 1918! The piling up of these capital liabilities means simply this. Every British child born from now on is born into a community poorer by some six hundred millions a year than that into which we of the pre-war generation were born. Yet for all this we defend our actions on the ground that we are building for posterity.

The actual facts are that we are throwing on posterity, for our convenience, a burden of taxation; by the amount of this burden we shall be judged by our children, and inevitably condemned. It is idle to pretend that, because this crushing burden which they will have to bear is accounted for in part by promises of

benefits to themselves in childhood and old age, it is therefore not a burden, but an asset. To-day industries still have reserves and individual taxpayers private fortunes. So long as income tax and death duties yield vast sums without appreciably affecting the pockets even of the lower middle classes, the appearance of betterment, for very many, is maintained. With posterity it will be different. Posterity will have no accumulated savings, no industrial reserves, and no large estates to raid, and they will have to meet the immense burden of inherited obligations out of their day-to-day earnings.

If a cynical government had done these things, we could smile, for we could anticipate that one day their manœuvres would be exposed. But these things have been done in good faith. We have no reason left in us.

As with public, so with private morality. Our age has surrendered itself to an orgy of slovenly thinking and loose living. Such periods often succeed great wars; the wits of the Restoration were as outspoken (and, incidentally, more than twice as witty) as Mr. Noel Coward. But Milton was not occupied simultaneously with his pursuit of great literature in preaching that adultery was the higher fidelity, nor Dryden in urging that Wycherley's comedies were really purer than "Paradise Lost." Again, in the nineties of the last century, if legend is to be believed, sin became fashionable, but it has been left to our age to call it sociological science, and thus to add to the guilt of the flesh the guilt of culpable ignorance.

What, regarded dispassionately, is the significance of this? It reflects the mood of our time, that moral and social beliefs do not matter, that personal sincerity alone counts. It is an agreeable view, but it happens to coincide with a political policy which demands ever-increasing sacrifices and a constant standard of virtue from capitalist and trade unionist alike. The only possible conclusion, assuming any rationality at all in the business, would be that, as far as a man's likelihood to respond to the requirements of good citizenship is concerned, his morals and his attitude to his fellow men, are unimportant. Which is absurd.

As for religion, what can be less rational than to assume that creeds are vanities, while expressing our-

selves at the same time so certain of all the fundamentals of human nature and of man's place in the universe that we light-heartedly assume the direction of his every movement from the cradle to the grave? I admit that this peculiar combination of certainty and scepticism is reconciled by popular science, which argues from what it can, and ignores what it cannot, measure. "The unknowable is negligible," said the Victorian agnostic. The unmeasurable is negligible, says Mr. Arnold Bennett, echoing Mr. H. G. Wells, and proceeds to the suitably fantastic conclusion that any man who believes in any orthodox creed is his intellectual inferior. (In passing I cannot forbear a desire to see, in another world, an interview between Cardinal Newman, Pasteur, Baron von Hügel and their intellectual superior; in the background, Dante, Milton and Michelangelo, trembling before the new revelation; Mr. Pope, in the wings, writing a commentary in verse, and Dr. Johnson in prose. But we must leave the Elysian fields and return to earth.)

The significance of this intellectual revolt, widespread over Europe, against religion and morality, is, of course, that the revolt, although it borrows the clothes of scientific correctitude, is not, in fact, rational. If there were a movement on foot to build a pagan society on appropriately pagan foundations, we could meet its champions on the common ground of men acknowledging the discipline of a common logic. To-day there is no possible meeting ground. We have, on the one hand, an intellectual movement occupied in undermining the beliefs and loyalties which have so far held our society together and filling column upon column of the Press with their propaganda, and, on the other hand, our middle-class political democracy occupied in building on the assumption that these very beliefs and loyalties, issuing in thrift, integrity, family affection, individual responsibility, initiative, disinterestedness and self-restraint, can be relied upon always to dominate men's minds and to direct their actions.

It may very well be that even the *free* man cannot afford to think foolishly, but it is certain that the man who wishes to insure against the risks of life must pay a premium in the surrender of his *right* to think foolishly.

This is so obvious that one hesitates to write it down. Yet it happens to be just one of the fundamental issues of politics which we are refusing to face to-day, and which, because of our refusal to face it, is likely to bring us to shipwreck.

This is a difficult piece of writing, because I am anxious to avoid taking sides. I want to express no opinion as to the responsibilities which lie on the State to remove slums in a world deprived of the capacity to pay decent wages; to protect the *status quo* of a world, most of which is forced by economic pressure to buy in the dearest and sell in the cheapest market; to restore agricultural prosperity to industrialized countries given by law the power to insist on cheap food, or to provide employment under a political system which forbids the State to employ. These things may one and all be desirable; some of them may be necessary. But can one deal with effects if one is debarred from dealing with causes? And can one describe as a rational being a man who professes to be able to do so?

This third week of November has seen the introduction into the House of Commons of an Agricultural Settlement Bill, designed at great expense to settle our people on the land. In the same week the same Government has expressed itself finally unable (by which it means unwilling) to stop the importation of food at prices below that at which food can be produced here without a reduction in wages. And in the same week the Government has expressed its determination never to allow our standard of living to fall. I express no opinion as to which of these excellent sentiments is the most pious. I wish merely to point out that they are utterly inconsistent, and that no one who acknowledges the sovereignty of reason could possibly give expression simultaneously to all three of them.

The waste involved in this particular Bill is small, but the waste involved in our social legislation as a whole is disastrous. Yet here the confusion of thought is even worse. Judged by results, as we have said, our housing policy has not housed; our health policy, as we know from the latest figures, has not made us healthier, and our general policy for redistributing wealth and improving

the conditions of life of the poor has resulted in unemployment. On the one hand, it is arguable that the effects we see are the results of the policies which preceded them. Personally, I incline to this prosaic explanation. But, I say again, this is not my complaint here. Let us take the opposite point of view and assume "world causes" to be responsible. Then do we, or do we not, consider that our social services have done good? When we say "world causes," do we mean it? And do we mean that but for our redistribution of purchasing power the condition of the poor would be worse than it is? Then why do we discontinue the process of redistribution and of capital expenditure as a cure for unemployment? Why do we boggle at Mr. Lloyd George's paltry £250 millions? Why not £500 millions? And if it be said that by the merciful decree of Providence we have arrived to-day at just that rate of expenditure, just that figure of capital commitment which is wise and prudent, why does not someone give us the calculations which show that by the most extraordinary coincidence in the whole of human history, seven conflicting policies, seven Governments and seven Chancellors of the Exchequer have jointly arrived at this highly desirable result? And having done so, will they proceed to explain what is desirable about it, seeing that we have well over two million people unemployed?

The answer to all this is deadly simple. No one believes any of these things, because no one to-day believes anything at all. People do not really believe that adultery is the higher morality; they just do not believe in morality; they do not really believe that extravagance creates employment, or indiscriminate relief, thrift; they just do not believe in the need for producing wealth in order to become wealthy, or the need for thrift in order to remain wealthy. They only believe in drifting with the tide of men's desires, confident that things will evolve, by an ordinary process of nature, along lines well suited to man's ever-changing nature. When asked for the evidence for this belief, they smile blandly, and produce the jawbone of an ape, or a sketch of the missing link, or begin to talk, with an amazing wealth of detail, about the pre-historical epoch, which, if you ask them,

they will tell you to be the age before history begins—in other words, the age about which there are insufficient data to warrant an historian putting pen to paper.

What validity has the hypothesis of evolution, by which is meant to-day no more than the hypothesis of the bestial origin of man's body (since scientists of repute have ceased long ago to dogmatize on the origin of mind or its relation to matter), as a foundation for policies which must have their effect, not a million years hence, but the day after to-morrow? No rational being could say. Yet it remains, unfortunately, the truth that this hypothesis about the development of man's body from some lower form of life is actually the only argument ever brought forward in favour of the political and economic system under which we live. By every standard of reason, by all available contemporary evidences, the system stands condemned. But it is still held to be the "common-sense" view that majorities are always right, that things which happen happen for the best, and that any attempt to rationalize politics, to argue either from effect to cause, or from the general to the particular, is mere childish folly. Practical men do none of these things.

This is unfortunately true. What is not true is the assumption that practical men have always acted in this extraordinary way. The decline in the respect for reason has been unexpected and very sudden. The extension of the franchise was based, not on the mystical grounds on which it is to-day defended, but on definite, if mistaken, beliefs as to the practical effects of State education, and still more on the belief that the chief educative factor was not the schoolmaster, but family ties and the world's ruthless call for individual initiative if the obligations imposed by these ties were to be fulfilled. No Victorian rationalist or Radical (and the terms were largely interchangeable, if we except the powerful influence of Mr. Gladstone) would have defended for a moment the grant of universal suffrage to people deprived of the responsibility for maintaining themselves and their families. For the Victorian view there was, at least, a basis in logic; for the view that the recipient of the dole can be expected to express a useful opinion on its amount or the conditions on which it is

to be drawn there is none. If we are talking the language of reason (which, after all, has been the language of the whole historical period, even if unknown to our prehistoric ancestors), our modern views about the franchise are just nonsense. Within the limit of a rigid constitution and fortified by the exclusion of all persons drawing an income from the State, universal franchise can be defended on certain assumptions. As things are, it cannot be.

But, again, at the risk of repetition, I must say that I am not concerned to attack or defend. I am concerned only to show that in dealing with public and private affairs we have ceased to reason. We have persuaded ourselves, as I have said above, that *2* and *2*, *plus* an Act of Parliament, make *5*. We smile when we are told that capital commitments of over £20,000 millions imposed on posterity are putting a burden on posterity. We are somehow confident, mainly, it appears, because we are descended from monkeys, the burden will turn out to be an asset. That, at least, is my diagnosis, for I reject Mr. Austin Hopkinson's suggestion that behind this appearance of irrationality is any deliberate concealment of fact or perversion of reason.

I reject this view with hesitation; we should be faced with an easier problem if we could accept it. As it is, I see no hope for the future of political democracy, except by means of a definite and organized intellectual movement such as, under the French *philosophes*, broke up the rule of privilege, and was itself broken in the turmoil it created in the process. It is an ominous and unsatisfactory parallel. There is another parallel, wholly ominous for our generation, wholly satisfactory for the future. It is the history of the early Christian Church, which survived the ridicule and persecution of a dying civilization to become the leaven of a new and glorious one.

The parallel is admittedly far too audacious, but at least it is certain that a mere refusal of demands, however ignorant or selfish, a mere plea for lower wages or longer hours as the solution (though both may conceivably be necessary as an emergency medicine) for the present crisis, will fall on deaf ears. It is equally certain

that the usual argument for an interval of economy prior to a renewal of expenditure merely panders to the current irrationality. The web of history is woven without a void. Policies which are good in theory are good in practice. Policies which are bad to-day will not be good to-morrow. If a handful of personally undistinguished men are by virtue of their office as Ministers of the Crown to assume the responsibility for feeding, clothing, housing and educating the people, and guaranteeing them a high and constant standard of life, then they must assume the absolute power necessary, enforce the ruthless and bloody discipline necessary, and proscribe the innumerable opinions and habits which would defeat their ends. If they are to do none of these things, then they must abate their claims and admit their unworthiness.

Between France, the last survivor of the old dispensation of rigid individualism, and Russia, the first exponent of rigid and disciplined communism, there is no middle course. We must go back or forward. In either case we have to consign to the scrap heap nine-tenths of our current politics and our current morality. The teaching of history, of religion and of science as to the nature of societies and of men leaves me at least with no doubt that the Russian experiment is doomed to failure. But it is less certainly doomed than is our own society if it cannot be brought back to a regard for reason. Under the anodyne of modern "thought," by which we mean emotionalism founded on misconceived intellectual prejudices, Western society is slipping into a decline from which nothing but a return to reason can save it. That return can only be achieved by missionary enterprise on a great scale. It would need at least as much disinterested enthusiasm, and as much practical genius for organization, as have been called for by every great missionary movement of the past. Just because its results could not be immediate, it would get support from no class and no interest. Just because it would be supported by no class and no interest, it would, if it were carried on vigorously enough, prevail. Disinterested movements, animated by enthusiasm and founded on reason, always prevail. *Magna est veritas et prævalebit.*

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The Crown and the Dominions

By The Hon. Sir William Irvine, K.C.M.G., LL.D.
(Chief Justice of Victoria).

Introductory Note

By Lord Sydenham of Combe

THE Conference of 1926, which was widely acclaimed as the harbinger of a new Imperial era and a masterpiece of statecraft, was regarded with grave misgivings by many Imperialists. Largely on account of the joint activities of General Hertzog and Mr. Cosgrave, questions were raised which statesmanship would have left undisturbed, since they were not causing or threatening to cause the least inconvenience in inter-Imperial relations. The formula adopted was all-sufficing as regards the dignity of the Dominions, which was placed on an assured basis. It was, however, considered that legal technicalities stood in the way of complete enjoyment of that dignity. The alleged difficulties were referred to a subordinate Conference, which produced, last year, a "Report on the Operation of Dominion Legislation and Merchant Shipping Legislation." This report naturally created alarm, as the object appeared to be to sweep away the idea of any form of legal unity within the Empire and to make it impossible in the future.

The present Conference,* which in happier circumstances would certainly have laid deep the foundations of economic co-operation, is deciding the complex legal questions dealt with in this Report, and will probably cut a number of threads which, while not hampering the full freedom of Dominions in the smallest degree, remained symbols of unity and interesting historical relics of the past.

In a letter to me on August 27, Sir William H. Irvine, Chief Justice of Victoria, expressed the anxiety which we both feel as to the effects of the "Balfour Declaration." After stating that this new formula "neither added to nor took away from the measure of indepen-

* Written before the Conference concluded.

dence that existed in each Dominion under its written Constitution before 1926," he went on:

> It is not, I think, too much to say that the *only* effect it has had is to encourage and stimulate the disruptive elements in our Empire, and thus to increase enormously the difficulties of any real settlement or adjustment of practical difficulties.

At the same time he sent me the "Memorandum" printed below, which, though it deals with the specific question of the appointment of the Governor-General, contains far wider implications. I do not know whether the opinion of a great Australian jurist, and a sane Imperialist, has reached the present Conference, where I believe it would be shared by some delegates; but I think that this view which Sir W. H. Irvine lucidly states should be made widely known at a time when loose thinking is rampant, when further steps towards the disintegration of the Empire built up by our forefathers are not impossible, and when the activities of our enemies with that object are unceasing.

THE decision of the Federal Government to tender advice to the King with regard to the appointment of the Governor-General has brought the people of Australia for the first time face to face with the Balfour formula adopted by the Imperial Conference of 1926 and its alleged implications.

The enunciation of abstract equality between the Dominions and Great Britain had at first an effect of pleasing flattery to the former; it was an easy text for platform oratory. But, in Australia at least, it was, I think, regarded as little more than a formal statement of the right to manage their own affairs which the peoples of the States and the Commonwealth had so long enjoyed in the fullest measure. But during the time that has elapsed since its publication, considerable apprehension as to its results, accompanied by no little anxiety as to the motives of those who pressed for its adoption, have been aroused. The language in which it is couched is apparently sufficiently elastic to permit of widely differing shades of meaning, from the mere recognition of existing rights of self-government in the Dominions, to the assertion of such rights as that of each

Dominion to claim absolute neutrality in time of war, to pass legislation affecting Imperial interests without any control or even co-ordination, to use the name of the King in entering into treaties with foreign countries, whether consistent with other treaties or not, to determine so far as it is concerned the succession to the Crown, and, if it so desire, at any time to secede from the Empire altogether.

The people who in Australia are loyal to the British connection, and they are the great majority in all political parties, are not a little shocked at those so-called "implications" from a seemingly harmless theoretical abstraction. Now, when the further "implication" is put forward, that in future the King's representative in Australia is to be the nominee of a political party, appointed by and capable of being removed by it, taking his "instructions" no longer from the King, but from the political leaders of that party, people are asking: Who has brought about this fundamental change in the practice under the Constitution? Have the people of Australia or has the Parliament of Australia—even if it alone could do so—ever authorized so momentous a departure from constitutional usage?

The answer which is attempted to be made to these questions demands a particular examination. It is contended that the effect of the adoption by the Imperial Conference of 1926 of the Balfour Report was, by its own force, to transfer the duty of advising the King in the appointment of the Governor-General in Australia from the British Ministers to the Dominion Ministers. I submit for consideration the following propositions as to this contention:—

1. The Imperial Conference had no power to effect such a transfer by its own act or resolution.

2. The members of that Conference who represented Australia had no authority to enter into any treaty on such a subject with other Dominions or with Great Britain.

3. The suggested transfer could be effected only in one of two ways:

(*a*) By Act of the Imperial Parliament, or

(*b*) By an alteration of the Australian Constitution under the powers contained in it.

Each of these propositions calls for separate examination, but the proper construction of the Australian Constitution itself bears on each of them.

The Act of the Imperial Parliament (63 & 64 Vict., c. 12) after reciting that the people of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland and Tasmania had agreed to unite in one indissoluble Commonwealth, under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and "*under the Constitution* thereby established," proceeded (Sec. 3) to enact that the colonies agreeing thereto "shall be united in a Federal Commonwealth under the name of the Commonwealth of Australia. But the Queen may at any time after the proclamation appoint a Governor-General for the Commonwealth." Turning now to the Constitution itself, it is provided by Clause 2 that "a Governor-General appointed by the Queen shall be Her Majesty's representative in the Commonwealth and shall have and may exercise in the Commonwealth during the Queen's pleasure, but subject to this Constitution, such powers and functions of the Queen as Her Majesty may be pleased to assign to him."

Section 51 enumerates the subjects over which the Parliament is to exercise legislative control. Over the whole range of legislation lying outside of these limited powers the colonies agreeing to the federal compact were to retain their full legislative control.

Section 61 provides that "The executive power of the Commonwealth is vested in the Queen and is exercisable by the Governor-General as the Queen's representative and extends to the *maintenance and execution of this Constitution and of the laws of the Commonwealth.*"

Section 62 provides that "there shall be a Federal Executive Council *to advise the Governor-General in the government of the Commonwealth,* and the members of the Council shall be chosen and summoned by the Governor-General . . . and shall hold office during his pleasure."

By Section 63 it is provided that the Governor-

General in Council is to mean the Governor-General acting with the advice of the Executive Council.

Section 64 provides that the "Governor-General may appoint officers to administer such Departments of State of the Commonwealth as the Governor-General in Council may establish. Such officers shall hold office during the pleasure of the Governor-General. They shall be members of the Federal Executive Council and shall be the Queen's Ministers of State for the Commonwealth."

It is clear that the "government of the Commonwealth" in Clause 62 is identical with the "maintenance and execution of this Constitution and of the laws of the Commonwealth" in the preceding section. It is, I think, equally clear that the Executive Acts included in these expressions do not include the appointment of the Governor-General. Nor has any Governor-General been, in fact, appointed on the advice of the Commonwealth Ministers, though, by a practice both in the States and the Commonwealth, it has been usual for the King to submit the name of a proposed nominee as Governor or Governor-General to the Prime Minister of the State or the Commonwealth in order to ascertain whether such appointment might not be subject to some unforeseen objection. It is to this practice that the Balfour Memorandum refers, somewhat inaccurately in the words,

> An *earlier* stage in which the Governor-General was appointed *solely* on the advice of British Ministers.

There is, of course, no connection between this *ex gratia* consultation and "advice," in the constitutional sense, on such appointment. The appointment of Governor-General not being one of the acts falling within the executive powers of the Commonwealth Government is, not the less, an executive act of the King, and therefore falls within the class of acts for which his advisers are responsible to the House of Commons. Whether the House of Commons could, by any act or resolution of its own, divest itself of the right to insist upon that responsibility may be doubted. Even if it could, it would probably not feel justified in such an abdication on the mere resolution of a body which, how-

ever eminent the statesmen who composed it, possessed no constitutional authority to bind the peoples of the Dominions represented. Such a transfer clearly cannot be effected by the King (even if he should desire to do so) electing to go behind the backs of the Ministers constitutionally authorized to advise him and through whose agency alone he can, as the law now stands, give legal efficacy to such an appointment, nor can those Ministers refuse to render an account of their advice or action to the House of Commons.

And the matter of such an appointment lying clearly beyond the range of the executive authority, as has been shown, of Commonwealth Ministers, such Ministers could not delegate to their representative at any Conference any authority they did not themselves possess.

Passing over for the present the second of the propositions set forth above, I submit that there are only two possible ways in which the constitutional authority can be taken out of Ministers of State responsible to the House of Commons and vested in Ministers of State responsible to the House of Representatives in Australia; one is by an Act of the Imperial Parliament amending the Act 63 and 64 Vict., c. 12, above referred to; the other by an alteration of the Constitution of Australia under the power of alteration contained in that Constitution itself. In either case a fundamental alteration in the Australian Constitution is necessary. In the word "constitution" I include not only the formal instrument of government so called, but the constitutional relation necessarily implied from it and from the language of the Act creating it.

If such a change were proposed to be effected by an alteration within the Constitution itself, it would (Sec. 128) require to be passed by an absolute majority of each House of the Parliament, and subsequently approved by a majority of the electors in a majority of the States, before becoming operative. How can it be contended that a conference of delegates appointed by the Dominion Government in power for the time being could commit the people of Australia to so momentous a constitutional change without either of these barriers being surmounted? And though the Imperial Parlia-

ment is not restricted by any such conditions, it is submitted that its over-riding powers should not be exercised until it can be determined by some similar method, whether the people of Australia and the peoples of a majority of the States really desire such a change.

The second proposition also rests on the construction of the Constitution. The Conference was held in pursuance of the invitation of the British Prime Minister to leading statesmen of the Dominions to discuss matters of common concern. It has been suggested that the adoption of the "formula" was something in the nature of a treaty. By what authority could such a treaty be entered into? Under the powers conferred by the Australian Constitution on the Parliament it is, *inter alia*, empowered "to make laws for the peace, order and good government of the Commonwealth with respect to . . . external affairs." This legislative authority may probably draw with it executive authority in Ministers to negotiate with and to make arrangements and perhaps even binding contracts with the British Government and with other Dominion Governments on matters within the powers otherwise placed under their control by the Constitution. For instance, it would enable them to make commercial treaties, to enter into arrangements as to patents or copyrights, and so forth; but it cannot be argued that it would give them power to enter into treaties restricting the States in the exercise of any of their powers or rights inside or outside Australia. No one will be so bold as to contend that it would include a power to enter into agreements or treaties, either to alter the existing Constitution or to declare its meaning.

The propositions above stated are derived not only, as I have submitted, from the express language of the Constitution itself and the statute which gives force to its provisions, but are implied in the nature of the federal compact, which was, and is, its foundation. That compact was an agreement between the peoples of the several colonies, as set forth in the preamble to the Act. The essence of that agreement was that, subject only to the exercise by the Central Parliament and by the Federal Ministers of the defined and limited legislative and executive powers committed to them, the whole field of

legislation and government should remain under the control of the several "States." The States were not to be, like the Provinces in Canada, subordinate to the Commonwealth. The Acts of their Parliaments could not be vetoed by the Governor-General, and their executive powers were not to be subject to any control by federal authority. Their Governors were to hold office, as before, directly under the King. They have been accordingly and still are appointed, as is the Governor-General, by direct commission from the King. Any attempt by Federal Ministers to advise the King in relation to the appointment of a Governor of a State would have been as strongly resented as any attempt by the State Governments or any of them to advise the King as to the appointment of a Governor-General. In fact the federation was to be and is, as has been often said, "a partnership of States," and though the well-being of each of the partners must in some degree rest upon the successful working of their common business, each must be deemed to be master in his own house. Nor is it too much to say that the people of Australia are now much more concerned about maintaining the complete independence of the States than about conferring any new authority upon the Central Government.

Now to a Government so constituted we are told that we have to apply the Balfour formula. That formula affirms that the Dominions "are autonomous communities within the British Empire in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." The introduction of an abstract formula into so very practical a matter as the adjustment of the day-to-day relations between different parts of our complex Empire was sure to create difficulties rather than remove them. That it has already done so is shown by the fundamental differences as to its meaning above referred to.

One of these difficulties may be here mentioned, though it is perhaps of secondary importance compared with the others I have referred to. If the appointment by the King of his representative for the Commonwealth

is to be made on the advice of his Australian Ministers, is his appointment of his representative in each State to be made on the advice of his State Ministers? If it is answered that the Balfour formula does not alter the relations of the States to the Crown, but does of the Commonwealth to the Crown, then we have the Imperial Ministers precluded from taking any part in the appointment of or instructions to the King's representative in Australia for the matters relegated to the Federal Government, but for the vastly wider field of government existing independently in the States the King's representative is to be appointed by and to receive his instructions from Imperial Ministers. Such a result may be fairly described as both anomalous and unworkable.

If, on the other hand, it is contended that in the formula "Dominion" is to be read as the geographical and not merely the constitutional entity, and that British Ministers are to have no further say in the appointment of or instructions to either the Governor-General of Australia or the Governors of the States, the question at once arises: What authority was possessed by the delegation of the Federal Government in 1926 to bind the States to a vital change in their constitutional relations to the Crown without either their Governments or their Parliaments being consulted?

The obvious conclusion from what has been said is that, whatever effect, if any, the adoption of the Balfour Report by the Conference of 1926 has had on the actual constitutional relations of the Dominions to Great Britain or to one another, the alleged change in the appointment of the Governor-General of Australia has not yet taken place.

Sir John Simon and America

SEELEY'S saying that "the British Empire was created in a fit of absence of mind" is one of those half truths that often pass unchallenged into common currency. It is largely true of the millions who share in its glories, not of those who adventured, built and preserved. While Governments and Parliaments have been laggard and obstructive, while they have often jeopardized and thrown away the devoted work of individuals, while the crowd has been ever more concerned with its domestic affairs, the Empire has been held together by the labour; the courage and the sacrifice of great Englishmen, Scotsmen and Irishmen, careless of reward.

The latest name to be added to this Imperial scroll is that of Sir John Simon. The Simon Report on India has been dealt with in this REVIEW by Lord Sydenham and others. Further discussion of it may best await events and developments at the Round Table Conference now sitting. The following extract from the *Journal of the American Bar Association* will help to explain the invaluable effect of Sir John Simon's exposition of the Indian problem to American audiences in eloquent speeches widely published and broadcast. The great authority of his name effectively countered the malicious anti-British propaganda which had persuaded millions of Americans that the saintly Gandhi, rightly struggling to be free, was being more brutally treated by the tyrant British than any Inca by Pizarro and his Conquistadores. Ed., E.R.

"We know of no one who has so well expressed the real good—the genuine influence for better international understanding which may come of the recent meeting—as Sir John Simon. In his address at the New York Bar Association banquet, held September 2, after expressing on behalf of the visiting lawyers the warmest gratitude for the inexhaustible hospitality of the American Bar, he said:

> 'Now, gentlemen, what is going to be the outcome, the real and permanent outcome, of this exchange of visits between the lawyers of the Old World and of the New? Our visit here is the culmination of a unique experience, the memory of which will remain with us to the end of our lives. But may not our meeting together have a consequence which would be of wider import? We have made many pleasant friendships, we have learned from personal contact something of each other's lives, but is the only result to be these happy personal and professional recollections? Forgive me if I detain you with the serious thought that the outcome might be something which would be of international value.

'We deceive ourselves if we believe that these relations of perfect understanding and concord will necessarily always exist between the countries we represent. The waters of the Atlantic when touched by some chilling wind often throw up a mist through which familiar things may assume strange and forbidding forms. Some day in the future, a temporary coolness may arise between us and there will be forces on each side of the Atlantic which may seek to magnify a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. On each side, the appeal will be to the watchwords of patriotism, to the claims of national dignity, to respect for the flag. Each side will contend that the right lies with it. Each of us may be tempted to think that the point of difference is one on which his side cannot yield.

'Now, what are we lawyers going to do then? You American lawyers have enormous powers; and in the old country from which I come we men of the law also play our part, and our profession is one which often opens a career to public influence and public service.

'Let us pledge ourselves to one another, we, the lawyers of the Old World, and you, the lawyers of the New, that if the day of suspicion and misunderstanding should come, we will be among those who counsel patience and self-control—that we will be faithful to the teaching of our high calling and proclaim that reason and fair play and listening to both sides are the only true solvents of international dispute. If in the future some shadow falls between us, let us recall our meeting of to-night and preserve, in the face of the passion of the mob and the excitement of the hour, the memory of this mutual friendship and esteem out of which may be built up and maintained the continued peace of the world.'

"The whole audience rose to its feet in response to this appeal, and at the end of the applause, the Hon. John W. Davis, who presided, closed the meeting by declaring: 'This demonstration is the giving of that pledge.'"

Notes from Paris

By Roland Atkinson

Politics—the game.—And so, after an extended holiday of about four months, we come back to the "game" of politics, the Chambers having resumed their so-called activities. There is, of course, an obvious advantage for France in the fact that she can still indulge in politics as a game. In almost all other countries political labours have become intensely serious—in many of them, well-nigh a life and death struggle for the commercial and industrial prosperity of the nation. Yet France, though she is experiencing the stalemate of parties, which is the strangest phenomenon of to-day's politics throughout the Old World and the New, has sufficiently escaped the economic crises to allow her politicians to play the old party game of the "outs" and the "ins" with all the customary assiduity.

The "personal" danger.—It is a peculiarity of French politics that Cabinets are in far more serious danger of upset from a "personal" incident than over an issue of outstanding national importance, like foreign policy or the national defences. Consequently, the worst threat which has loomed up before M. Tardieu's Ministry came from the attempt to mix up his Minister of Justice, M. Raoul Peret, with the financial troubles involved in the collapse of the group of companies directed by the over-ambitious and rash financier, M. Oustric. M. Oustric is at present facing an examination into the manner in which he conducted his industrial societies and banks, in which there is an effort to make him pay the penalty for the losses endured by French investors. And if it had been possible successfully to couple M. Raoul Peret with M. Oustric in the parliamentary assault, M. Tardieu's Ministry would now be a thing of the past.

Luckless M. Peret.—M. Raoul Peret, before he became Minister of Justice, was counsel for M. Oustric, just as any other politician-barrister might be, but it chanced that one of his duties subsequently, as Minister, was to authorize the quotation on the Bourse of one of the shares in which M. Oustric was closely interested, consent for which had previously been held up. It was possible to explain that the original opposition to the quotation had merely been temporary pending approval by the French Embassy in Rome, and that M. Peret's

signature was just a matter of departmental routine; but the Socialists and Radicals tried desperately to turn the affair into a scandal, alleging that Oustric was hardly likely to meet with any severity of punishment while his former legal adviser was at the head of the Ministry of Justice. M. Tardieu courageously covered his colleague and captured a vote of confidence; but M. Peret, though eased in his mind about the past, wisely decided to resign to avert any allegations of favouritism.

Luckless M. Peret! He would probably now have been first favourite for the succession to M. Doumergue as President of the Republic had he remained Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies instead of resigning to become Premier during the franc crisis, when premierships were good for about a month at the most. He is succeeded at the Ministry of Justice by M. Cheron, a canny and competent Norman who is never likely to burn his fingers, and who may himself capture the Presidency of the Republic, while more prominent candidates are adding to their handicaps. His appointment was completed in little more than an hour.

A skilful duet.—Thus the Government was able to face the development of any further assault based on the Oustric affair with a fair amount of confidence, and in the absence of any "personal" line of attack it is as difficult as ever to discover any issue in which the Opposition can find substantial hopes of bringing the Government down. They tried the topic of foreign policy when the session opened at the beginning of the month, labouring painfully to establish that there was a difference of views between the Foreign Minister, M. Briand, and the Premier, M. Tardieu. To the old hand, it is humorous to see the younger politicians trying to make this a point of assault on such experienced tacticians as M. Briand and M. Tardieu. The "note" of the Left, so well sounded by M. Briand, and the "air" of the Right, equally well sustained by M. Tardieu, makes a duet which is easily the greatest asset of the combination. In reply to criticisms, M. Briand answered rather plaintively that his policy was strictly a continuation of that which had been conducted by such Ministries of the Right as those of M. Millerand and M. Poincaré; while M. Tardieu responded that he was merely following the lines of such Left Cabinets as those of MM. Painlevé and

Herriot, and that he and M. Briand were in perfect agreement. This is probably true, and both of them may be laughing up their sleeves when, in public utterances, they accentuate the touches of Right and Left, which superficially appear to indicate divergencies.

A real fight.—The liveliest political scene of the month was a combat between Socialists and ultra-Nationalists of the type represented by the evening newspaper *La Liberté*. This brought real fighting and physical injury, and may, it is to be hoped, have calmed overheated tempers. The Socialists and, in particular, their leader, M. Léon Blum, are, in the opinion of the *Liberté* spokesman, M. Camille Aymard, guilty of nearly all the faults that any Frenchman can have in his constitution, especially in their attitude towards Germany. So M. Aymard challenged M. Blum to face him in the Lobbies of the Chamber, "where he would teach him a lesson." M. Blum, who is of the bookish type of revolutionary, ignored this invitation to a prospective rough-and-tumble, but some more robust members of the Socialist Party rushed in where their angelic leader did not care to tread, and M. Aymard got much more than he bargained for. Battling Socialists and ultra-Nationalists became so involved in their nose-thumping bout that they finished by falling in a mass through a great plate-glass window into the courtyard.

Italian overture.—Perhaps the most important happening of the month was the visit of an Italian Deputy to Nice to deliver an address during the Armistice Day ceremony, as this emissary went to great pains to explain that Signor Mussolini's surprising speech at the end of October had been greatly misunderstood, especially in France. It was not meant to be at all aggressive, he insisted, but merely designed to clear the air of make-believe. The importance of this, of course, lies in the fact that such a spokesman would not have been there unless he had been specially delegated, and, presumably, it was to be regarded as an offer on Italy's part for an arrangement with France, though, in the modern Italian style, the emissary virtually said the choice lay between an alliance and enmity, Italy having no use for anything that was vague.

The Economic and Political Position of Germany

By Sir Philip Dawson, M.P.

(Author of "*Germany's Industrial Revival*, 1927.")

RIGHTLY to understand the present position in Germany we must look back upon what has been taking place there during the last ten years.

The outcome of the war and its final débâcle meant a real shock to the German people, compelled to adjust their mentality to conditions they had never anticipated. The fact that law and order were maintained, although the form of their Government had been suddenly and radically altered, the Army disbanded, the people practically starving and in need of every necessity of life, was due to the patriotism of the German Civil Service, whose members remained at their posts; to the good sense of the Socialists and their leader, Herr Ebert, elected President of the German Republic; and to the moral support which was received from Field-Marshal von Hindenburg.

It is really very remarkable that such an upheaval when everything was completely disorganized should have taken place without any of the bloodshed and lawlessness which accompanied the French Revolution and that in modern Russia. For until the very last moment of the war the Germans were made to believe that at the worst they would have an agreed-upon peace. The continuation of the blockade, the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, the tearing apart of Prussia by the creation of a Polish Corridor, the dismemberment of the economic unity of Upper Silesia were blows severely felt, their aftermath showing in the attitude now being adopted by a large part of the rising generation, who have not, of course, been through the war.

The quartering of Black Troops on a white population in such centres of culture as Bonn was, naturally, deeply resented. The attempt to detach the Rhine provinces from Germany by the encouragement of revolutionary organizations, added to the foreign occupation of the Rhineland, which, historically, sentimentally and economically appeals to the German in a way no other part does, made it extremely difficult to reconcile the people to accomplished facts or to get them to believe

that a sound economic position could ever, under such conditions, be restored in Germany. Inflation of the currency, which was materially encouraged by the occupation of the Ruhr, and the ultimate effect of it, which had not been foreseen by German industrialists, financiers, or statesmen, ruined a large number of the best classes of the German people. Not only did these lose all their savings, but the pensions which were being received by retired Government and other employees became valueless. The people realized that only by their own endeavours could they recover their lost position, and at once set to work with an energy and firmness of purpose which won the admiration of all those who were cognisant of what was happening. No one who has not lived through the German inflation can possibly realize the terrible effect it has had on the bulk of the people.

The first step was to place German finances on a sound basis by the standardization of the currency, achieved by the statesmanlike measures taken by Dr. Luther, assisted by Dr. Schacht, who had been made President of the Reichsbank. Even the ability and foresight of Dr. Luther would not have succeeded without the firm belief of the German people themselves in the future of their country and their habit of obedience to the authorities governing them.

In the adjustment between Germany and the Allies difficulties of every kind arose, but Germany was fortunate in having a statesman of the ability of Dr. Stresemann, who skilfully piloted the destinies of Germany through untold difficulties, although often bitterly opposed by many of his own colleagues. As a result of his negoiations and his ability to keep the confidence of the German people, the Dawes Scheme and Locarno were brought about, and Germany at last felt that she was no longer a country crushed under the heel of the conquerors, but once more recognized as a nation of equal standing with the others. And as such she became a member of the League of Nations.

The German character is prone to great despondency on the one hand and to over-confidence on the other; it is intensely sentimental, has as yet little political instinct, and is frequently led astray by theories, unable to realize that these cannot everywhere be carried out in practice.

This national trait had immediate influence in Germany's post-war development. Germany for several years had naturally been cut off from communication with other industrial nations with knowledge of what they were doing. The war ended, the Germans got into touch again with the outside world, particularly with the United States and the many Americans of German origin. The study of what America had done resulted in the Germans convincing themselves that rationalization coupled with mass production would enable them to recapture the markets of the world. All the benefits which theoretically would result from copying American methods were carefully considered, and these methods were then adopted on the advice of the German experts who investigated them—without sufficient attention being paid to the question whether this wholesale application would be suitable to European conditions; or what such transformation would cost; or how the interest and sinking fund and the enormous expenditure involved were to be met. A large portion of the German iron and steel industry in Lorraine having been transferred to France, the German Government was bound to make good these losses in many cases to the industries concerned, and the monies thus received were utilized in rationalization. It seems not to have been realized that, whoever spent the money, interest and sinking fund would have to be reckoned with. German industry also secured very large loans abroad, without sufficient forethought as to how these were eventually to be repaid. Reparations in kind were being made by Germany all over the world; this kept her industry busy, and foreign countries who received reparations from Germany very naturally placed orders in that country to make up their requirements of goods non-procurable during the war period. Furthermore, German municipalities and provinces obtained foreign loans on public utilities in addition to those raised by industry. Building enterprises financed by public authorities were undertaken, many of which, although beneficial to the nation at large, could not, at any rate for a very long time, produce any earnings to pay interest and sinking fund on the loan money expended on them. During the war years and immediately afterwards, the German people had been unable to replenish the supplies of those articles which they required for their daily needs, in addition to which pro-

perties had not been adequately maintained. These conditions continued to create considerable home demand for supplies of every description and to give plenty of employment. Moreover, the railways required reconditioning; it was necessary to replace all the rolling stock worn out during the war as well as that which had been ceded at the Armistice. German shipping was in like case.

In agriculture also rationalization was introduced, mechanical methods used in America were employed and particular study made to improve the output of the fields by the use of special chemical manures.

Again, the loss by Germany of so many of its black coal-fields induced the exploitation of its brown coal-fields. As this coal was of relatively poor quality, it was cheaper to use it to produce electricity on the spot, and transport electricity instead of coal to the consumers for power, light and heating purposes. Numbers of very large electricity works were erected, with an enormous increase in the use of electric power both for industrial and domestic purposes as a direct consequence. The loss of the coal-fields also brought about development of the water power existing in many parts of Germany.

All this reconditioning meant in effect a very considerable increase in the output of German industry, so that, although standardization and rationalization should have reduced the number of employees, the extra demand was such as to absorb easily any people who otherwise would have lost their occupation. Note also that the big scale on which rationalization was carried out resulted in greater economy of production being possible when the works were utilized to their full extent, but contrariwise made it impossible to readjust them to produce on anything like an economic basis when the demand for their products was materially lessened.

Rationalization was not only applied to plant and machinery, but also to the industry itself, and this forced small undertakings into absorption by larger ones. Commercial houses and banks as well as industries were affected, but persons who for the time being had lost their positions were able during the boom period in Germany to find other occupation.

Now came the stage when the improvement in the economic position of Germany and its re-admission to

the Commonwealth of Nations relieved the Germans from the necessity of concentrating all their energies on keeping body and soul together, and they began to look round and take stock of their position. The first result was that very strong objection was raised to the military occupation of their beloved Rhineland, and great pressure was brought to bear upon the Government to get it freed.

Dr. Stresemann and his advisers felt, therefore, that at all costs some means must be found to accomplish this, but very soon realized that it was impossible unless the question of reparations was satisfactorily settled; hence the proposals which took shape in the Young Plan. A careful investigation should have clearly indicated to the Germans that financially the proposals were such as could not be put into practice without very great sacrifices, and that the Government must be prepared to impose grave additional burdens on the German people—which they might not be able to bear. If the economic position alone had been taken into consideration, Germany would never have put forward or consented to the Young Plan, but the popular demand to be released from military occupation was such that the scheme was eventually accepted; hence the curious position arose that, whilst originally Dr. Schacht, influenced by German political opinion, agreed to the proposals in Paris, he afterwards rejected them at The Hague, a change of attitude which it is difficult to justify.

To satisfy the demands of labour and under Government pressure, considerable concessions have been made since the war by industry as regards wages and hours of work, although even so the conditions of labour in Germany are not so good as those which obtain in Great Britain. The German Government introduced very comprehensive measures of unemployment insurance. The burden has primarily to be borne by industry—that is to say, by employer and employee; if, however, there is a deficit, the Government will intervene and come to the rescue.

As has been referred to above, the various Governments of the Reich entered upon a course of heavy expenditure for such purposes as the making and amending of roads, erection of public buildings, drainage schemes, the construction of electrical undertakings, the harnessing of water powers and so on, over which the Central

Government had very little control. This implied not only the raising of large loans, but also the imposing of fresh taxation, which, although it was supposed to fall on the capitalist, eventually reacted on the people by increasing the cost both of living and of production. During the boom period the result of this taxation was not immediately felt, and the various political parties, in order to gain public support and ingratiate themselves with the working classes, continued to legislate so as to improve, as they announced, the conditions of the people —regardless of the financial burdens involved. But now, with the completion of this rationalization policy, the replenishing of supplies exhausted by the war, and the decrease in the reparation demands, German industry has been brought back to normal production for home consumption and export, with a consequent decrease in output.

Meantime, the financial crisis in the United States and over-speculation on the German as well as the American and English Stock Exchanges have made it increasingly difficult to raise more loans for private or public enterprises, thus further reducing the amount of work which would have been carried out in Germany itself. Unemployment has become a question to be dealt with.

For some time after the war Germany had an eye on the markets in the East, particularly India and China, but the unsatisfactory conditions there have crushed all hopes in this direction. An interesting side issue was that of Germany's important pre-war interests in Russia. For centuries parts of Southern Russia have been occupied by exceedingly successful German agricultural colonies. The German frontier before the war for a considerable distance bordered Russia, and there was a large German population speaking Russian and doing excellent business with Russia. Furthermore, Russian business men considered their education incomplete without having studied in Germany. In fact, after Russian itself, the German language (except in aristocratic and diplomatic circles) carried one much further than any other, and was for the most part well understood by the commercial and industrial classes. Many influential German industrialists were confident that Russia would prove an enormous field of development particularly suitable for German enterprise. After the war, large concessions were taken up and considerable amounts of

money spent by Germans in an attempt to carry out this policy, but owing to the attitude of the Russian Government it has failed. Before the war, the Army and Navy made great demands on German industry, and particularly on the heavy industries. The creation of new independent countries, which at the same period were important customers of Germany and now are surrounding themselves with tariff walls in order to manufacture locally what they previously purchased, has caused additional loss.

Since the war a marked change has taken place in certain of the habits of the German people. Before, large quantities of rye bread were consumed by the people, in addition to which 800,000 men of the Army and Navy were fed on this bread. To-day far more white bread is eaten. An attempt is being made to plant wheat instead of rye, but so far only 25 per cent. of the ground planted with rye has been found suitable for that purpose. At the same time, the output of rye has been largely increased owing to the rationalization of agriculture.

Before the war a very considerable part of the population lived chiefly on potatoes. Vegetables, fruit and meat are now much more consumed—while the potato crops owing to rationalization are more abundant than ever! There is a surplus of rye and potatoes, therefore, which the farmers cannot dispose of.

All these factors are responsible for the distressing amount of unemployment not only in the working class, but also amongst what the Germans call the " high collar brigade." Although the interests of this last are nearly identical with those of labour, its members, in consequence of being mainly recruited from the middle classes, consider themselves socially above it, and do not closely ally themselves with the Labour movement. At the same time, they are intensely dissatisfied with the present position of affairs, attributed to the mismanagement of the Government, and they are, therefore, peculiarly susceptible to propaganda which promises them relief from all their ills.

There are also a great number of students from the universities and high schools who have completed their education and find it impossible to secure employment in trade, industry or Government departments at home, and cannot emigrate or find work abroad. These lend

a willing ear to propaganda which puts down all their difficulties to the oppressive conditions which, they are told, have been imposed upon them by the Allies and agreed to by their own Government. There is besides the large class of retired officers and non-commissioned officers of the old army, who can scarcely keep body and soul together and cannot find employment; these are, therefore, a favourable ground for the seed of dissatisfaction. The reduction of the standing Army has practically done away with the possibility of those whose families have for generations been connected with the Services entering them; this is a further cause of discontent amongst comparatively poor but influential persons. There are, too, the farmers who mostly own their land and, for the reasons already mentioned, find it impossible to make a living.

A considerable section of the population in the Ruhr and the Rhine were very seriously affected by the military occupation, and consider that their Government gravely neglected their interests and were far too subservient to the demands of the Allies.

It is, therefore, not difficult to understand what has brought about a general feeling of discontent, the result of which was shown in the last General Election, when the Hittler Party or National Socialists scored a success which they had never anticipated. The votes they polled have come from no special political, religious, or class party, but are due entirely to dissatisfaction with what has been accomplished by previous Governments.

Hittler possesses great powers of oratory and has a magnetic personality which influences all those with whom he comes in contact. He raises his vast audiences to an extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm. He flatters their self-esteem, he condemns the action of such great statesmen as Dr. Stresemann, and tells his hearers that their troubles are due to the ineptitude of all those by whom they are being governed. The younger generation he raises to enthusiasm by martial pageants, by extolling German past military achievements, and by making appeal to their sentimentality. He is lavish in his promises, and whilst to one audience he will promise one thing, to another he will suggest exactly the opposite.

On the one hand, he proposes to reject the Young Plan, to disregard all obligations entered into, to upset the Treaty of Versailles, and to revert to pre-war German

boundaries, explaining that German patriotism and power can achieve these ends and that those who have mismanaged German affairs are to suffer dire retribution. On the other hand, he states that he will attain all the desired aims by constitutional and peaceful means.

Through playing on sentiment he has attached to himself a band of enthusiastic young people who devote their time to his service and have placed themselves under his absolute control. This body of enthusiasts numbers well over 100,000, is very well organized, and proved most effective during the last elections.

His party has no real cohesion and has in its representation in the Reichstag fluctuated between 12 and the present number of 107. If another General Election were to be held at once, it is probable that this figure of 107 would be materially increased. If new elections are postponed until the proposed constructive legislation has been carried through, his representation in the Reichstag will be greatly reduced. As it is, his party will be compelled for the first time to take part in the work of committees, and as an Opposition to make serious speeches—not merely act as obstructionists. This process will teach them much, and they will learn, when they have to face realities, that the promises they have made are futile.

The Hittler Party has been increased at the expense of the Nationalists and other parties mainly inclined to the Right. Few Labour votes went its way, and its success is not so much due to unemployment as to a general dissatisfaction caused by the reasons given above, and inflamed by the strenuous campaign carried out by Hittler himself and his organization.

Unemployment has, however, resulted in the material increase of the Communist Party at the expense of the Socialists, and, if prolonged, will undoubtedly assist the Communists—who are receiving financial and other assistance from Russia. Berlin is used by the Russians as a Communist centre for world propaganda, from which they are doing all in their power to encourage world-revolution. Of this the Socialists are well aware, and they are doing their utmost to combat Communism, which they realize is the greatest enemy of German labour as well as the country in general. Communists may try to create disturbances, and in these will be

assisted by a few hundreds of thousands of people who are incapable of any useful occupation and are ready to join in any revolution or to organize any troubles. They are the same people who created troubles in the Baltic, in Upper Silesia, formed the Black Reichswehr, committed sabotage during the Ruhr occupation, took part in the Kap Putch in Berlin and the Hittler disturbances in Munich in 1923; they have been connected with every attempt which has been made on the supporters of the Republic and the rulers of Germany, and they loudly applauded the revolutionary sentiments expressed by Hittler at the Leipsic trial.

The unexpected strength of the Hittler Party in the Reichstag (a Party which has no constructive programme) has brought home to the leaders of the responsible German political parties the need for putting their political and financial house in order. The drastic programme put before the country by Dr. Bruening will be carried out, for it has the support of the majority of responsible German statesmen and industrialists. They realize that any doubt as to Germany honouring her pledges would result in the rest of the world losing confidence in her stability, and that this would ruin her political and economic future. There is practically not a single responsible person in Germany who dreams of rejecting the Young Plan or attempting to use force to alter the eastern frontier.

Many people, however, believe that time will show it to be materially impossible for Germany to carry out the Young Plan, and that then the creditor nations will meet them and see how the difficulty is to be overcome.

As regards the loyalty of the German Army, although there may be some officers who naturally regret the day of the large standing army, with the possibilities of promotion which have now disappeared, it will as a whole obey the Government, whatever party may be in office.

As for unemployment, the condition in Germany considered relatively to her population is no worse than in this country, and the same troubles are being experienced there as here regarding unemployment insurance.

Fear is expressed in some quarters in Germany that, owing to the very unsatisfactory internal conditions in Russia, either the Russian Government will find an

excuse for waging war on Poland, Finland or some other country, or that there may be mass immigration of a starving Russian population over the borders. Either of these contingencies would put the whole Polish frontier question into the melting pot and seriously endanger world-peace.

But in the opinion of the writer, after a most careful examination of the facts and a discussion with representatives of the border States who are well acquainted with the whole circumstances, such anticipations are not justified.

To begin with, the Russian Army is now composed of the sons of peasants, who constitute the bulk of the population, and they are extremely dissatisfied with the methods adopted towards them by their Government. The national characteristics, fostered by hundreds of years of slavery and ill-treatment together with this discontent make the army unreliable, so far as any offensive campaign outside their own borders is concerned. The internal conditions of Russia are undoubtedly most unsatisfactory, and a large portion of the population is facing starvation this coming winter.

As regards the possibility of wholesale emigration, the character of the Russian peasant will in all probability cause him to remain in his hut and starve, as happened during the great famine some years ago in the Volga district.

The Soviet Government has allowed the various districts of Russia to govern themselves more or less and to develop their own languages, subject to their carrying out the general policy of the Central Government. It is the belief of many well-informed people in the adjoining States that Russia will, in the long run, not be able to hold its own. It is now selling everything it can produce, in many cases below cost price, and is using forced labour. The opinion is held that this condition of affairs cannot go on much longer and will lead to disintegration, disruption, and the formation of a large number of small independent States. This will be accompanied by a certain amount of revolution and bloodshed, but the process may take many years to reach accomplishment. To save the position the Russian Government is attempting to create mistrust between the various European countries and foster any internal troubles outside Russia

by means of its Central Organization established in Berlin, which contributed considerable amounts to the Communist movement in Germany during the last elections.

Responsible Germans of all parties and the leaders of industry clearly realize that an alliance with Russia would bring about the ruin of Germany. Whilst there may be a certain number of dissatisfied German officers of the old Army serving in Russia, the German military authorities and even those who hold extremist views would not for a minute consider co-operating in any form with the present Russian Army.

A very careful investigation and analysis of existing conditions in Central Europe lead to the definite conclusion that there will be no revolution in Germany, and that, whatever Government may be in office, it will carry on, following the lines of its predecessors. It is fully realized that military intervention is impossible on the part of Germany, and there is no evidence that there is any desire even to attempt to alter the Western frontier. As far as the Eastern frontier is concerned and the financial and other burdens imposed on Germany by the war, naturally such burdens are considered intolerable. There is, however, no real thought of any change being possible except by agreement.

There is no reason to think that Germany will change its form of Government and return to a monarchy, or that the main line of policy which it has been pursuing will be radically altered. Germany realizes that the only possibility of altering existing conditions is for her to secure the good-will and assistance of the English-speaking people. It appreciates the fact that the question of reparations is at the bottom of everything, that nothing can be achieved until the United States agree to regard the problem as one which affects them as well as Europe, and that the only country which can help to bring this home to the United States is Great Britain. No serious German compares the present position with that of 1813, which led to the War of Liberation. This idea is only to be found amongst a very small proportion of idealists and enthusiasts, a section which does not control public opinion.

Revival of military dictatorship would have to be centred on Prussia, but conditions there have changed

very materially since the Prussian statesman Bismarck brought about a united Germany under the King of Prussia as German Emperor.

Prussia was then a purely military State under the dictatorship of a militarist monarch; now she is governed wisely but with an iron hand by a Socialist "Minister President," who can summon or dissolve the Prussian Parliament; who has administered Prussian affairs practically since the end of the war; and who possesses the complete support of the Centre Party. All the posts in the Prussian public service are filled by his supporters and he controls the police, a quasi-military force.

Prussia is the largest and most important part of Germany, and her influence in the destinies of Germany is as paramount to-day as it was before the war. Any attempt to bring about military dictatorship would be immediately suppressed.

The proposals now put forward by the German Government are very far-reaching, and they deal seriously with the question of the reduction of taxation and the balancing of the Budget. These proposals demand sacrifices from all, from the highest to the lowest, and are therefore not entirely unpopular. Those demanded from the employees of the German Government and of the individual States, as well as the rationing of expenditure of all public and State bodies, will materially influence the question of salaries and wages in industry. There is little doubt that the measures now before Germany will be carried into effect. Their result will be to bring down the cost of production in Germany, and industry fully understands that it must also reduce home selling prices. German industry will thus be placed in a far better position to compete in the world markets than it is to-day.

It has been sometimes thought that, when the President dies, troubles may arise. Serious public opinion in Germany, however, believes that, if the present crisis is surmounted—and there is little doubt that it will be—the death of the President will have no grave effect upon German politics, and a successor will be duly elected without any real internal troubles and without any change either in the form of Government or in a reversion to monarchy.

A National Economic Policy*

By Edgar Crammond

THE economic position of Great Britain in the twelfth year of peace is causing all thoughtful people the greatest uneasiness. Our principal industries are in a condition of profound depression and we have over 2,100,000 unemployed.† Our overseas trade is decreasing at an alarming rate, and our relative position in international commerce is a declining one.

The national income is falling rapidly, while the national debt, in spite of taxation on an heroic scale during the past eleven years, amounted at March 31, 1930, to £7,469 millions, an *increase* of £42 millions as compared with the total at March 31, 1919, and at a time when our principal competitors are reducing taxation we have just added a great sum (£46,580,000 in a full year) to a burden already almost crippling our industries.

In order to understand our position we must make a wide survey. The correct interpretation of the economic history of the past twenty years is one of the most important tasks which the thinkers of this generation are called upon to undertake. In that period the world has been passing through the greatest economic revolution in its history. It has witnessed a procession of economic phenomena of majestic grandeur and import, including the vast political disturbances; the loss of life; the destruction of wealth; the destruction or mutilation of old-world Empires caused by the war; the Russian Revolution; the creation of a hundred million peasant proprietors in Eastern and Southern Europe; the intensification of the spirit of nationalism throughout Europe with all its economic consequences; the awakening of the Far East, and the rise of the spirit of nationalism in China, India and Egypt; the growth of the wealth and influence of the United States; the decline of the wealth and influence of Europe; the Anglo-American Naval Treaty; and the growth of the trade of the Pacific.

The period has witnessed the development of the use of the internal combustion engine, the growing displacement of coal by oil fuel and hydro-electric power, the development of the generation and uses of electricity, the development of aircraft and wireless transmission,

* Paper read to the London Chamber of Commerce—October 28, 1930. Published by kind permission.

† 2,285,987 on November 26, 1930.

and the growing uses of labour-saving machinery. At home we have had the coming into office of the Labour Party, the collapse of the Liberal Party, the extension of the vote to women, and to all citizens over 21.

All these events have had some reaction upon the lives and economic activities of our people, as well as upon most of the peoples of the world, and in the aggregate their influence has been enormous.

In recent years we have had a number of exhaustive enquiries with regard to our position, including the Colwyn Committee on National Debt and Taxation, the Balfour Committee on Industry and Trade, the Report on Unemployment by the Executive Council of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, and the Report on the Effect of Taxes upon Prices by the Management Committee of the General Federation of Trade Unions, Sir William Beveridge's book on "Unemployment," the Reports of the Committees on the Cotton, the Iron and Steel and the Wool and Textile Industries, Sir Henry Strakosch's monograph on Monetary Stability and the Gold Standard, and Professor F. E. Gregory's Presidential Address to the Section of Economic Science and Statistics at the British Association on September 8, 1930. It will be convenient now to summarize some of the conclusions of these authorities.

Britain's Dependence upon Overseas Supplies of Foodstuffs and Raw Materials.

The dominating factor in the economic life of the people of Great Britain is our dependence upon overseas supplies of food-stuffs and raw materials.* During the forty years, 1881 to 1921, the population of Great Britain increased by 13 millions, or about 43 per cent., and during that period the proportion of the occupied population engaged in agriculture fell from over 12 per cent. to about 7 per cent. "In 1925 the proportion of the total food supplies derived from home production was only 39·3 per cent., as compared with 43·3 per cent. in 1907." "About four-fifths of our supply of wheat and flour, and three-fifths of our supply of meat, come from abroad. Coal is the only important raw material in which Great Britain is self-supporting. The whole of the cotton, nine-tenths of the wool and timber, and more than a third of the iron ore which we use, are imported

* Final Report of the Committee on Industry and Trade.

from overseas. During the past century there has been a steady growth in our dependence on overseas supplies for the essential means of existence, and there is no reason to expect that the tendency will be arrested or reversed in the near future," unless we make some drastic changes in our fiscal policy.

In view of this dependence it is natural that our people should watch carefully the Board of Trade returns and particularly the values of the exports by means of which we pay for the bulk of the commodities we import. Great Britain's share of the world export trade fell from 13·9 per cent. in 1913 to 11 per cent. in 1927, and 10·9 per cent. in 1928, while the quantity of British export trade in 1929 was only 82 per cent. of the 1913 level, although, in the meantime, our population increased by 2,300,000 persons.

The Board of Trade Returns of our overseas trade for the past sixteen years are most unsatisfactory. The figures in the following table show the principal changes since 1913 :—

THE VISIBLE TRADE BALANCE.

	£ Millions.	
IMPORTS :—	1913.	1929.
Merchandise	768·7	1,221·6
Bullion and Specie	74·0	70·7
TOTAL	842·7	1,292·3
EXPORTS (including re-exports) :—		
Merchandise	634·9	839·3
Bullion and Specie	62·1	86·7
TOTAL	697·0	926·0
Excess of Imports over Exports ..	145·7	366·3

The values of the imports represent the cost, insurance and freight, while the values of the exports represent the cost and the charges of delivering the goods on board the ship and are known as the " free on board values."

It will be observed that, on the basis of the figures quoted above, the visible adverse balance increased from £145·7 millions in 1913 to £366·3 millions in 1929. When the figures of the imports and exports of merchandise for that year are converted into 1913 values, it will be found that, while the visible imports *increased* by £105 millions, the visible exports *decreased* by £19 millions, so that the visible adverse balance, in terms of

1913 values, increased from £145·7 millions to £268 millions. The British exports for the first nine months of the current year amounted to £441 millions, a decrease of £102·3 millions as compared with the corresponding period of 1929. A part of this decrease is accounted for by the heavy fall in prices during the past twelve months.

In 1913 *the visible exports, including re-exports, paid for* 82·7 *per cent. of the total imports, leaving only* 17·3 *per cent. to be paid for by means of the "invisible exports."*

In 1929 *they only paid for* 71·6 *per cent. of the total imports, leaving no less than* 28·4 *per cent. to be paid for by means of the "invisible exports."*

These figures show that Britain is leaning more and more upon her "invisible exports," that is to say, the interest of her investments abroad, the earnings of her shipping and insurance and banking services in international trade, to pay for her imports. In other words, the British standard of living is becoming more and more dependent upon the earnings of British capital abroad, shipping and banking services, and less and less upon the earnings of British labour at home. Sir Robert Kindersley* considers that the figure of £4,000 millions for our total overseas investments is a first approximation to the facts, but I feel assured that, when he has carried investigations further, he will find that the total is over £4,500 millions.

External Causes of the British Crisis.

The principal factors which have brought about the present economic crisis may be roughly divided into two main groups, namely, the external and the internal. It may be admitted at once that we have no direct control over the former group, and the possibilities of our controlling them indirectly by changes of internal policy are very limited. The external factors are mainly those which have adversely affected our capacity to sell our manufactures overseas, and they are summarized below :—

(1) The decline of the purchasing power of some of our principal customers in Europe who have been impoverished by the war.

(2) The continued deterioration of commercial conditions in China arising from the protracted civil wars, and the political disturbances in India and Egypt.

* Vide *Economic Journal*, June 1930.

(3) The growing strength of Germany, France, Belgium and Japan as commercial and industrial competitors.

(4) The continued increase in the economic and financial power of the United States.

(5) The fact that our principal competitors are steadily improving the quality of their production.

(6) The mischievous effects of the operation of the various agreements relating to reparations and inter-allied debts.

(7) The growth of industrial nationalism, which induces the desire to make every unit self-supporting—this has already caused a great interference with international trade by the creation or increase of protectionist tariffs, the effect of which has been to develop the productive capacity of world industry far beyond its needs.

Internal Causes of the British Crisis.

But one of the most adverse factors of all to the maintenance of our exports has been our high costs of production, the principal causes of which are stated below :—

(a) *Our abnormally high taxes and rates.*

(b) *The higher rates of wages paid in Great Britain, as compared with her principal industrial competitors.*

(c) *The high level of wages paid in the sheltered industries, as compared with those paid in the unsheltered industries.*

(d) *The injury done to trade by political and legislative interference, including the frequent new regulations and laws, and many of the trade union restrictions which add to the cost of production.*

(e) *The restoration of the gold standard in* 1925 *which exercised an important influence upon the economic life of this country.*

The return to the gold standard has brought fresh problems of a complex nature, the most serious being its influence on the heavy fall in the wholesale price level. In May, 1925, the index for Great Britain (Board of Trade) was 158·6. The average index number for 1929 was 136·5, and there was a further heavy decline at an accelerated rate during the first nine months of this year so that, by September, 1930, the level had fallen to 115·5. This fall in the price level has been reflected in all the gold standard countries of the world, and it has

been an important, if not the dominating, factor in the present disastrous decline in world trade.

* But whatever may have been the net resultant effect during the transitional period, such effect tends to exhaust its force with the lapse of time, and it is unthinkable that any appreciable body of opinion would favour a fresh departure from the gold standard, with all the renewed disturbance to trade and labour which such a departure would involve.

Moreover, no amount of juggling with the credit machinery will contract Britain out of the necessity of helping the export industries by the adoption of a policy of drastic economy.

The League of Nations recently appointed a Gold Delegation to examine into and report upon the causes of fluctuations in the purchasing power of gold and their effect on the economic life of nations. The Delegation has just issued an interim report on the question whether the current and prospective production of gold on the one hand, and the normal increase in demand as world production and trade increase on the other, are such as to make it likely that the general trend of prices over a series of years will be upward or downward.

The Delegation are of opinion that the demand for gold for monetary purposes will increase in proportion to the growth of the world's trade, which is estimated to be at the rate of between 2 and 3 per cent. per annum. On the other hand, they are of opinion that, unless new and unexpected sources of supply are discovered, the decline in the output of gold is likely to continue at an accelerated rate after 1940, as the South African mines, which account for over 50 per cent. of the annual production, are becoming gradually exhausted. The Delegation comment on the excessive or abnormal competition for gold, and the fact that, in 1929, France and the United States increased their reserves by $540 millions. Unless there is the greatest possible co-operation between the gold standard countries and the utmost economy in the use of gold, the Delegation fear that, owing to scarcity, there will be a steady decline in prices. It is fortunate that the central banks of the gold-using countries of the world have initiated a policy of establishing closer contact, and it is in this direction that we must look for some relief of the pressure upon the world's stocks of gold for monetary purposes.

* Final Report of the Committee on Industry and Trade.

The British crisis is only part of a world crisis, and the real post-war struggle for the consuming markets of the world is only just beginning.

Our position is being challenged, not only in the industrial field, but in every other profitable field of economic activity. In 1894 the United Kingdom owned 57·9 per cent. of the world's shipping; by 1914 our proportion had fallen to 41·6 per cent., and by June 1929, it had further declined to 30·2 per cent. New York is challenging the position of London as the centre of the international monetary system, and there have recently been manifestations of a determination on the part of France to secure for Paris some portion of the profits and the prestige which accrue to the control of international finance. France is building up a vast gold reserve, and evidently means to make herself independent of London.

Unemployment

The cumulative effect upon British industry of all the adverse influences mentioned above has been disastrous. Our competitive position has deteriorated, our principal industries are in a state of profound depression, and we have over 2,100,000 unemployed. This last problem overshadows all others. Unemployment Insurance is now costing at the rate of £100 millions per annum, of which sum the potential beneficiaries contribute only £14,270,000; the Insurance Fund already has a deficiency of nearly £50 millions, and is running into debt at the rate of £27 millions per annum.

Sir William Beveridge* recently pointed out that the real danger of unlimited relief of unemployment lay not in the fear of demoralizing individual workmen, but in the fear of demoralizing governments, employers and trade union officials, so that they took less thought about prevention of unemployment. Once it was admitted in principle that, either under the guise of insurance or in some other form, genuine unemployment could be relieved indefinitely by the simple device of giving money from a bottomless purse, prevention was only too likely to go by the board. The thoughts and time of governments and parliaments might be absorbed, as they had largely been absorbed during the past ten years, in

* *Vide* "The Past and Present of Unemployment Insurance." By Sir William H. Beveridge, K.C.B.

successive extensions and variations of the relief scheme. The fear of causing unemployment might, as Mr. Rowe and Professor Clay had suggested, vanish from the minds of trade union negotiators and open the way to excessive rigidity of wages and so to the creation of unemployment. Industries practising casual employment—like dock and wharf service and building—or perpetual short time—like cotton—might settle down to batten on the taxation of other industries or of the general public in place of reforming their ways.

Social Services

There has been what almost amounts to a conspiracy of silence on the part of the politicians in their failure to do adequate justice to the great improvement that has taken place in the position of the average worker of this country during the past twenty years under the much abused capitalistic system. The British people are better fed, better housed, better educated, better clothed and in better health than at any other period of their history, and the British standard of living is the highest in the world, except that of the United States.

The amount expended on social services in Great Britain in 1928 was £366 millions, as compared with £63 millions in 1911. The principal heads of expenditure are shown hereunder :—*

	Year 1928. Million £.	Year 1911. Million £.
Unemployment Insurance Act ..	42·7	Nil.
National Insurance (Health) Acts ..	37·5	Nil.
Old Age Pensions	33·7	7·3
War Pensions	56·9	Nil.
Education	94·9	33·4
Public Health	8·1	2·2
Housing of the Working Classes ..	26·6	·8
Relief of the Poor	45·4	16·1

The following table, showing the sources from which the total expenditure on the social services was provided in 1911 and 1928, is significant :—

Year.	Expenditure. £ Millions.	Taxes. £ Millions.	Rates. £ Millions.	Fees, etc. £ Millions.	Total. £ Millions.
1911	63	28	31	4	63
1928	366	181	89	113	383

* *Vide* Annual Return of Total Expenditure on Public Services.

* With the possible exception of Germany, we are far in advance of our competitors in the scope, and, without any exception, in advance of them in the scale, of our social services. Free elementary education covers the whole, and free secondary education a growing percentage, of the children in this country. National Health Insurance covers practically the whole, and Unemployment Insurance two-thirds, of the wage-earning population. So soon as the school-leaving age becomes the age of entry into insurance, the British citizen will be helped and protected from the cradle to the grave, with possibly a brief interval between the time he ceases to attract maternity benefit and the time he begins to receive education. Nor does the measure of help open to him end with that given by statutes involving public expenditure. Workmen's compensation is practically universal. The proportion of indirect to direct taxation is becoming progressively smaller. The sum of the whole matter is that nearly half the total tax and rate-borne expenditure, and fully three-quarters of non-obligatory expenditure, is devoted to social services, and that the beneficiaries contribute only a fraction of their cost. . . . No sooner does an economy appear than it is eagerly sacrificed to fresh commitments. A flagrant example was the devotion of the automatic decrease in War Pensions to the institution of Widow's Pensions by the Conservatives in 1925; and other parties are deeply committed to fresh expenditure without even the sanction of so definite a prospective economy.

Decline in Morale of the British People

One of the most interesting problems for future historians will be to analyse the forces which have induced a people possessing the fine qualities of the British democracy to allow themselves to be led into the present economic morass.

An acute and well-informed French observer of Britain writes as follows :—†

Finally, the decadence—in part moral—observable in British labour, has played a substantial rôle in the present crisis. During the war the workmen received high wages and improved their standard of living substantially. This movement had begun even before 1914, and if one considers it in comparison with the earliest years of the century, the progress is considerable. But when the crisis came in 1920, labour clung obstinately to the standard which it had won, and the politicians did all they could to encourage it in that attitude. The Frenchman of modest income does not feel that there is anything disgraceful in economising, but the Anglo-Saxon regards it as a kind of humiliation. By virtue of a tacit understanding, England is to-day living at least as comfortably as in 1914, and far more comfortably than she did in 1900. But the greater part of the workers refuse to recognize that there is an inevitable connection between what they get and what they give. They claim the right

* *The Times*, January 23, 1930.

† *Foreign Affairs*, July, 1928. "The Passing of England's Economic Hegemony," by André Siegfried, Professor at the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques, Paris.

to live at the expense of industry and even at the expense of the nation. When owners and workmen meet to talk things over, they discuss which of them is to throw upon the other the costs of industrial reorganization. A lazy solution on the part of the employer! On the other hand, a state of mind has grown up among the workers which I should not quite dare to call mendicancy, but which is curiously different from the attitude of professional self-respect which we are told was characteristic of the old-time English labourer. This is the note of disillusionment which Mr. W. A. Appleton, Secretary of the General Federation of Trade Unions, sounds in one of his quarterly reports when he declares frankly that the workers now dream only of new appeals to personal, local, national or international charity; and that they do not hesitate to make new demands upon capital, though the latter already is insufficient for the needs of a progressive industry.

One of the principal causes of the decline in British morale will doubtless be found to be in the absence of strong men from the leadership of all political parties in the critical post-war years, and this decline will probably be found to date from the period when a Welsh Chancellor of the Exchequer grafted into the British Constitution the principle expressed in the phrase, "ninepence for fourpence." Even the Welsh seer could hardly have imagined that, within nineteen years, this would have been expanded into £118 for 17s. 6d. (a married man with three children, who has paid 17s. 6d. in contributions during the past thirty weeks, can draw £118 in benefits without further contributions).

In the course of a speech on January 14, 1930, Viscount Grey said that, when he first became conscious of public affairs, the lines of political cleavage were clearly defined, and there was invariably a real opposition. He continued: "The whole situation has changed. To-day, the three parties are not really opponents, but competitors and, for reasons with which we all sympathize and understand, they are all advocating progressive policies. What happened at the last election? . . . Parties are outbidding each other in the race for expenditure and each government comes in pledged to add to the public expenditure."

The historians will undoubtedly find that the bureaucrats have played a very large part in the shaping of policy at this critical period. At the same time that Britain had the misfortune to possess political leaders of mediocre quality, it had able, ambitious and energetic

Civil Servants who naturally wrested the power out of weak hands, and have done everything possible to enlarge the scope of their own activities.

The Reckoning

We are now reaping the fruits of the false economic teaching of the past ten years. Our people have been taught to believe that Britain is a self-contained economic unit, that she can adopt what standard of living she pleases, regardless of her industrial competitors, and that all that is necessary to secure the economic well-being of the nation is a ruthless policy of direct taxation so as to secure a wider distribution of wealth, and that in order to achieve this result, it is necessary to harass and obstruct the capitalists, i.e. the creators of wealth.

The Victorian era was one of production and accumulation of wealth, and it paved the way for the post-war era of distribution. This country has deliberately adopted the policy of increasing the standard of living of the majority at the expense of the minority and, while no doubt such a policy was the inevitable result of the forces which were being evolved before the war and were immensely stimulated by that catastrophe, it has been pursued with such unbalanced vigour that it has brought about a situation which threatens the whole economic structure. The savings made by the British capitalists in the Victorian era, that is to say, the investments abroad and some of the other " Invisible Exports," have provided a very large part of the income by means of which the British standard of living is being maintained at the present time.

In the past twelve years the policy of distribution has been carried far beyond the limits of safety. We have largely used up the accumulations of the past seventy or eighty years, and if the slide to insolvency is to be arrested, the British people must turn to a new era of production and consolidation. They must adopt a policy of drastic economy, they must lighten the burdens and restrictions on industry, and co-operate with and encourage the capitalists in order that capital may function freely once more and the national wealth may be increased, and so that in the next decade there may be a further advance in the standard of living.

There are 28,850,000 voters and only 2,150,000 tax-

payers; that is to say, the tax-imposers outnumber the taxpayers by nearly thirteen to one. Of what are the tax-imposers thinking? The last thing the great bulk of them desire is a policy of economy. Their minds appear to be set upon still shorter hours of work, higher wages, and increased social services.

The policy of the Labour Party appears to be one of defeatism. Britain must concentrate on the home market and retire from the competitive markets of the world rather than induce labour to surrender or modify its hard-won wage agreements, piece-work agreements, trade union regulations and lines of demarcation, quite regardless of the fact that many of these industrial conditions have been rendered obsolete by new inventions and processes and manufacturing developments in the rival industrial countries who are putting us out of business. In other words, labour wants a static British industrial system which is to yield an ever-advancing standard of living in a dynamic world.

The policy of the Conservative Party was defined by Mr. Baldwin on October 15, 1930. The party will call a halt to the expenditure on schemes which are not productive; they believe that a policy of vigorous economy combined with reductions in taxation is essential; they will undertake a drastic reform of Unemployment Insurance; they stand for a thorough-going policy of safeguarding; they promise to guarantee the price of home-grown wheat used for bread-making, to stop the dumping of bounty-fed oats, to put a tax on foreign malting barley, and to see to it that a large proportion of the supplies of meat and wheat to the defence forces shall be home products. Finally, the party accept the principle of Imperial Preference contained in the proposals submitted to the Imperial Conference by the Prime Minister of Canada, and they are determined to extend its scope by the adoption of the policy *inter alia* of a wheat quota. So far as it goes, the general tendency of the policy outlined above is in keeping with the needs of our economic situation, but it does not go far enough.

The policy advocated by the Liberal Party in "Britain's Industrial Future" (the Report of the Liberal Industrial Inquiry), is also one of defeatism. Instead of going out and fighting resolutely for her position in the markets of the world, Britain is to pursue a policy of

intensive home development mostly in the shape of new roads and houses. It might be to the advantage of the country, they say, if £50 millions less were lent abroad and £50 millions more devoted to the development of national resources at home. They also favour a wider diffusion of wealth; there is to be a "firm handling of the rights of bequests and inheritance"; there is to be a Board of National Investment, which will control the channels into which the investment of new capital is to be conducted, and the constitution of the Bank of England is to be modified and "co-operation between the Treasury and the Bank should be expressly provided for in the inner management of the Bank." The people who would benefit most, if these proposals were carried into effect, would be the bureaucrats, and further burdens and shackles would be placed on British industry.

If the politicians are not prepared to reverse or modify their teaching of the past twenty years, to whom are we to look for leadership out of our present difficulties? Britain must call in the help of the creators and the conservers of wealth—i.e. the capitalists—and must curtail the activities of the distributors. A great responsibility rests upon the Economic Advisory Council and the Committee of Inquiry into Finance and Industry. Will these bodies have the courage to tell the people whither we are drifting if we continue on our present lines, and the drastic measures of economy which must be adopted? I believe that they should be freed from any considerations of political expediency, and that they should make their reports direct to an independent public tribunal, and not to the Government.

"Economic betterment must be based upon economic truth," and the British people must be robust enough to hear the truth, even when it is unpalatable. But no matter how the politicians or the bureaucrats may trifle with the situation for reasons of political expediency or party advantage, the greatest and most ruthless teacher of economic truth that Britain has known, "Unemployment," has taken the field, and the 28,850,000 voters will be compelled to listen.

(To be concluded next month.)

Mr. Montagu's Indian Diary

By Sir Henry Wheeler, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

It was on July 12, 1917, that Edwin Montagu, then a private member of Parliament, in the course of a debate on Mesopotamia, delivered himself of the following dictum :—

> The Government of India is too wooden, too iron, too inelastic, too antediluvian, to be any use for the modern purposes we have in view. I do not believe that anybody could ever support the Government of India from the point of view of modern requirements. . . . The Indian Government is an indefensible system of Government.

It was almost immediately afterwards that he joined the Coalition Government, as we are told in the preface to the present Diary,* on condition that he should go to the India Office. So on November 10 he landed in Bombay to undertake, in conjunction with the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, the inquiries which culminated in their joint report. The Diary covers the six months of his stay in India which ended with the signature of that document.

Montagu's notes were admittedly written in a hurry : he recognizes that they "reflect often contradictory moods," for which reason he himself "never had the courage to read them." However vivid, therefore, the picture they present, and however propitious from the point of view of their publicity the moment of their appearance, it cannot but be regretted that, at a time when the calmest atmosphere for the discussion of Indian affairs is desirable, so many hasty controversial statements should be given to the world on the authority of an ex-Secretary of State, garnished with impulsive criticism of individuals which cannot fail to wound, and which, in the absence of any chance of rejoinder, is often unfair. But, if the publication has a value, it is for the light it throws upon the author, upon the attitude of mind with which he approached his task and the methods he favoured in order to attain his ends.

It may be surmised from the Parliamentary utterance already quoted that Mr. Montagu expected to find little right in the administration of India and he was determined that his expectations should not be disappointed. Whether it be on the social side (such as the arrangements of his tents, of garden parties and dinners), or the theoretical

* "An Indian Diary." By Edwin S. Montagu. Edited by Venetia Montagu. Heinemann. 21s.

side (such as the temperament of Viceroys and officials as a class), or the practical side, concerned with the actual handling of affairs, little escapes condemnation and hardly anything meets with praise. Within little more than a month of his arrival he is exclaiming that

> I cannot leave the Government of India untouched. It is not because I said that I believed it was bad; it is because I felt it was bad. I felt it before I came out; I feel it more so now I am here. The dead hand of the Government of India is over everything, blighting it.

Always the note is of the shrillest—"Was there ever such a hopeless situation? Were ever things done so badly?" "The damned bureaucracy": "our customary folly": "Is it not amazing?" a provincial Government is "hopeless": "The Home Department has muddled this thing frightfully," or, again, "is actuated by sheer malice or crass stupidity": "What idiots they are!" Such comments are typical.

Nor were his visitors slow to add fuel to the fire of his wrath. The Princes complain about their Residents: others against their Local Governments, particular Departments or individual officers obnoxious to them. Almost invariably the grievances seem to be accepted at their face value and little attempt is made to ascertain whether there is another side. His main charge against officials is that they are not politicians. "Informal discussion, informal conversation, they do not know. Political instinct they have none. The wooing of constituents is beneath their idea; the coaxing of the Press is not their métier": "They cannot and will not understand that Civil Servants in this country are, and must be more and more, politicians": "They must learn to be politicians": "He failed, like everybody else in India failed, from having no political instinct."

Such criticisms appear at intervals throughout the Diary. Apart from the Princes, the only Indians that are worth consideration are the politicians. "A very large body of people called the 'Ahirs' [who arrive in deputation] are 'ridiculous'": when he meets "the real giants of the Indian political world," he heaves a sigh of relief that he is quit of "these dupes and adherents from the provinces." Even Lord Willingdon (for whom ordinarily there is nothing but approval) is blamed for producing for interview "two men from a district who could hardly speak English" and "a Mohammedan holy man who spoke through an interpreter." It never

strikes him that such people, after all, form the majority, and their point of view is consistently regarded as negligible.

Throughout the Diary runs the note of nervous strain and physical *malaise*. On the voyage home Montagu notes that "I do not think I have had a good night's rest during the time I have been in India." Two days after arrival there is the entry that "I am tired," and early in January, that "I am getting very stale—and am afraid of a collapse." Such references are frequent, and in March, he fell definitely ill and was ordered to bed. The doctor in attendance can scarcely have had a happy time.

The chronicle of moods of depression is a lengthy one. Fits of dejection return at frequent intervals, and the two following extracts merely elaborate a sentiment often expressed:

January 10. I don't know what to do: I do not know where to turn for help—the whole thing, just as it looked most promising, has tumbled about my ears—oh, my God! I don't know whether I should not go home at once, frankly confess I have failed, and turn my attention to smashing the whole concern—I call the three days that have just passed the blackest I have ever known.

February 28. I cannot describe the weariness of my flesh. I am tired of conciliating, cajoling, persuading, lobbying, interviewing, accommodating, often spoiling my own plans to quell opposition—I have been counting the days to get home. It may be that I am losing my patience, that I am a little bit sore that the Government, on whose behalf I came, as a member of which I have been working night and day, has never sent me . . . one little line of encouragement. If I have failed, what have I done? I have kept India quiet for six months at a critical period of the war: I have set the politicians thinking of nothing else but my mission. I have helped the Government of India, day in and day out, in the discharge of their ordinary functions. That I have done, and if everything else fails I think I am entitled to some message of encouragement.

From the outset he is oppressed by his own importance. On the day of his arrival he remarks:—

My visit to India means that we are going to do something, and something big. I cannot go home and produce a little thing or nothing; it must be epoch-making or it is a failure. It must be the keystone of the future history of India—I am alone, alone, alone the person that has got to carry this thing through. Of course, my friends and colleagues are good fellows, but the responsibility rests with me. Chelmsford will do his best, but the responsibility rests with me. It is I who have got to do this thing.

Again, the next day, "I find myself so very lonely—I am alone on this trip and I might just as well have

come alone for any assistance I have got so far from the others." About a month later, "I told him [the Viceroy] I did not wish to point out how lonely I was—and the Government of India really did not come into it at all. I was here to discuss the matter with *him*."

This conception of the position Mr. Montagu held firmly with all the arrogance of the doctrinaire. On December 30, meeting a complaint that the Bombay Executive Council had not been consulted, "I explained to him (Lord Willingdon) that I thought neither the Local Government nor the Government of India had any *locus standi* formally." After another month a complaint that Lord Chelmsford "even does not criticize" (though it can scarcely be said that Mr. Montagu was patient of criticism) concludes: "Well, it cannot be helped: I have got to go on alone. It is appalling to have to create one's own schemes, and not only that, but to create one's criticisms of one's own schemes." In March, he feels "that nobody seems to be doing anything on it [the report] but myself." In April, he exclaims, "There you are again: they [the Government of India] can do nothing by themselves. I am not here to do this work: I want to go home and away from these people altogether." A little later, he asks, "Will they [the Government of India] do anything when I have gone? Will they think about it [the report] again? Do they not need someone to drive them before they will move?"

Akin to this personal obsession are the belief, expressed on the second day of the tour, that the Indian Chiefs "talk to me as they never dare to talk to anybody else," and his conclusion at the close of the visit that "certainly I have got out of them [educated Indian opinion] what nobody now in India could have got out of them."

The method pursued by the Secretary of State is frankly acknowledged by him. He arrives with the laudable intention "to let the whole thing come from the Indian Government themselves," though there is the ominous proviso, "unless I find that they are incapable of construction to such an extent that it is necessary to construct for them. But even then I shall drop hints in a pretty effort to lead them into working my schemes as their own." But the policy is soon abandoned. A week after landing he is "satisfied that the Government

of India memorandum could not be accepted for a moment." He himself arrived with a scheme set forth under twenty-four heads, and is satisfied that " the more I see of it, the more certain I become that this is the solution of our difficulties. Tested by every representation that is made to me, it holds the field." But the flood gates were still to open. By November 25, a revised memorandum appeared, and on December 4, " a few memoranda," while on December 12, he " sees his way clear all the way through " under another twenty-eight detailed ideas to which Lord Chelmsford is either to assent or (with the advice of Lord Sinha and Mr. Lionel Curtis) " there may be some compromise. But if we still differ, I shall go home and fight it, and if I fail, resign." Then follows " the most brilliant idea that has ever entered my head," that he shall see the Bill through as Under Secretary, with Lord Sinha as Secretary of State. That evening, however, he thinks of a modification, and by January 1, we have a reference to " the only extant authoritive draft of the latest scheme." Between then and March 21, when it is noted that their discussions were " actually finished, finished, finished," there are at least eleven specific references to fresh suggestions, " brilliant " new ideas, modified schemes, quite apart from whatever may have been advanced verbally in conference. One cannot but sympathize with Lord Chelmsford, of whom it is recorded on February 20, that " he once more made a prayer for finality; I told him that his desire for finality was ridiculous; I was not going to say anything was final until I was sure it could not be improved." Or with Sir William Marris, who observed on January 31, of the Civil Service that " they approve schemes one by one and find that nothing is being left." It was a war of attrition, but Mr. Montagu had. little sympathy with protests. He writes angrily on March 15, that

> it is a mockery that I, the head of the Indian Government, have agreed to sink my prestige and to put my ideas into the common stock, only to find that the people here reject them merely on the ground of a desire for finality, so that any improvement which occurs to me at a later stage is ruled out.

If those immediately participating in the discussions found difficulty in keeping pace with Mr. Montagu's quick changes, consultation with Local Governments was clearly an impossibility. Even in connection with

the Conference with Heads of Provinces, which took place in January, the actual proposals for discussion, as they then stood, reached the Governor of at least one province as he was entering the train for Delhi.

Obviously, such an atmosphere was calculated to engender friction, and there are some six entries or more of definite quarrels with the Viceroy, one of which "ended with nearly a breach of the peace," while the Diary teems with references to tempers lost, "fierce harangues" from the Secretary of State, "great rows," "gloom and depression." It is only fair to add that in a generous appreciation of Lord Chelmsford, recorded on April 21, Mr. Montagu notes that "I believe no two men could have quarrelled less," though he adds the curious explanation that "we should certainly have clashed if he had been constructive, and perhaps quarrelled." This may have been as well, since Mr. Montagu resented the need of any concession to the Viceroy. On March 18, he writes that

> as the result of a very dispiriting conversation, I have got to acknowledge defeat. Not one of them [his colleagues] would support me in my row with Chelmsford—and I had the humiliation of going to see Chelmsford and telling him I was abandoning the proposal.

As was to be expected, the Diary contains little argument as to the merits of and reasons for the different proposals for which Mr. Montagu made himself responsible. He was convinced before he started that everything was wrong with the existing system, and he elaborated changes to meet the shifting needs of the moment and to conciliate individuals likely to be influential. Doubts which have troubled others as to the applicability of Western ideas to the East did not afflict him. He writes: "I do not doubt the ability of Indians to work representative institutions. Other countries have done it and I think Indians can," though it is not without interest to notice that he continues:—

> But until they have learned the customs, conventions, traditions and uses which are inseparable from representative institutions and which cannot be embodied in any Act of Parliament, the transfer of powers of law and order to them will lead to anarchy, revolution, bloodshed and starvation.

Naturally so astute a politician as Mr. Montagu was not blind to certain features of the game as practised in India. Of his Indian colleague he notes that "every time he got some compromise admitted, he wanted to

push it further"; of the Indian Member of the Governor-General's Council that he "confesses to me that he always came to the Council and asked for 100 per cent. more than he wanted"; while he cites with the comment, "There's a noble sentiment of Indian statesmanship for you," a remark to him by Sir Surendranath Bannerjea that: "You are a politician and you know that, when you are in a minority, there is nothing to be done but side with the majority." He soon discovered that in India it is almost impossible to keep anything secret.

The outstanding impression left by the Diary is that of a highly strung, emotional, impulsive introvert, determined upon change, resentful of criticism and delay, a master of devices and tactics, aiming consistently to enforce his own ideas. For the advice of those who had grown up in Indian administration he cared little or nothing. His object was to conciliate the Indian politician, and it is evident that he imagined that he had secured a more solid backing than ultimately proved to be the case. A curious feature in the Diary is the absence of any appreciation of the realities of Indian administration outside the sphere of politics, of the governing facts, of the difficulties and accomplishments. From all that Mr. Montagu writes one might conclude that the unbroken record of the Administration was one of failure and incompetence. *He* only possessed the solution and could give effect to it. But in a moment of self-revelation, he admits that "I have pressed the Government of India very hard and I should not blame them if they were glad to get rid of me."

Although the Act of 1919 departed, of course, in material particulars from the Montagu-Chelmsford report, and although the proposals of that report were defended even at the time as a half-way house only, it is an instructive comment upon the controversies and disputations which the Diary reveals, and the criticisms which Mr. Montagu resented so keenly, that the fundamental scheme of the report is now, after some ten years only, generally adjudged to be unsatisfactory and defective. Nor is irony lacking in the fact that such success as dyarchy attained was largely due to the co-operation of officials, from whom Mr. Montagu anticipated obstruction, and of the non-official European community, whose attitude he expected to be uniformly hostile.

Railway Rates and Wages

By E. T. Good

THERE is much discussion about high railway rates, but little disposition to face the facts. Rail rates are high in our country because our railways have cost far more to construct, per mile, than foreign railways; because they cost more to operate; because our hauls are shorter than those in foreign countries; and because our wages are much higher than they ought to be. These are the unpleasant facts.

Our traders say they are handicapped by unreasonable rail rates. We have a Rail Rates Tribunal, but this body, after hearing traders' arguments, leaves the rates unaltered. Have the traders no case? Railway companies do not fix their own rates. The companies are controlled by the Tribunal and the Government in the matter of making charges. The rates, however high they are, fail to yield big dividends. They do not yield even the standard dividends laid down as reasonable by Parliament. Obviously, there is some misunderstanding somewhere. But there is no mystery about the problem of British railway rates. They are high for definite and daylight-clear reasons. Here are some figures:—

RAILWAY RECEIPTS PER TON-MILE OVER ALL GOODS CARRIED.

	d.
In France	1.897
United Kingdom	1.420
Germany	0.945
Belgium	0.800
United States	0.543

These figures are the latest, and they are given on the authority of *Modern Transport*. But a note of explanation must be offered at once. The figures, as they stand, show French rates the highest. They are the highest, having been advanced enormously since the war; but that is only part of the story. France is a great farming and fruit-growing country. France produces about twice as much food as Britain. Britain produces about five times as much coal as France. French railways carry far more delicate fruit and many more bottles of wine than our railways, but much less coal; therefore, the above figures, though quite correct, must not be taken at face value without consideration of the different traffic. It remains a fact that, for identical classes of

goods, British rates are the highest per ton-mile. But even that is not half the story. The country with the highest rates per ton-mile, which is Britain, also happens to be the country with the lowest total, inclusive, point-to-point charges on railway-carried goods.

Traders say nothing about total or inclusive charges. They dwell on the ton-mile rates. These rates are high for the reasons mentioned above. In this crowded little country, where there was much opposition to railways in the early days, railway companies had to pay almost fabulous prices for land. In foreign countries land has been cheap and has often been given for railway construction. Again, British companies have not been able to make a mile of track without paying legal and parliamentary fees in overcoming the objections of property owners and local councils. British railway companies have paid at least £300,000,000 in fees and expenses to obtain permission to build their lines and stations, and they have paid another £100,000,000 above fair value for land and other property acquired. In foreign countries railways have been welcomed and assisted.

In the next place, most parts of industrial Britain—nearly all the mining districts—are hilly. This means that we have more tunnels, cuttings and embankments than other countries. Nearly all American, German, French and Belgian mining and manufacturing areas are flat. Such being the case, railways in those countries have been constructed much more cheaply, and they are operated more cheaply, than British railways. Figures published before the war showed that British railways had cost from three to five times as much to construct, per mile, as railways in the leading foreign industrial countries.

Then there is the cost of labour. Wages are higher in America than in Britain, but, owing to the flat nature of the United States, its long hauls and, therefore, minimum of terminal work per ton-mile, together with the system of bulked consignments adopted by traders, operating costs per ton-mile are much lower in the United States than in Britain, in spite of the higher level of American wages. As against European industrial competitors, our railway labour costs are excessive. British railway wages range from 33 to 50 per cent.

higher per man than German, French and Belgian wages. Alone among workers here or abroad, British railwaymen had their wages advanced by Government order 100 per cent. above pre-war standards, regardless of any change there might be in cash values, and these men were given certain cost of living advances in addition, guaranteed weeks, reduced duty hours and other advantages. Railwaymen's wages had already been increased considerably in the last fifteen years before the war, and the conditions were so good that there was no shortage of candidates or recruits for the service. The action of our Government after the war, whilst controlling the railways, in ordering a permanent advance of 100 per cent., plus cost of living extras, was incomprehensible. Per man-hour of duty, per ton of goods handled, and per ton-mile of traffic, the labour costs, and the general costs, are much higher in Britain than in any other European country, and so long as this remains the case, British traders cannot fairly expect any material reduction in rail rates or charges. With cost of living only some 56 per cent. higher than before the war, and with wages in unsheltered trades ranging only from 33 to 75 per cent. higher than in 1913, our railway wages are about 150 per cent. per duty-hour above the pre-war level. Traders with complaints about high rail rates would be well advised to talk to the Government and to the trade unions rather than level their criticisms at the State-bound railway companies. The question of inflated wages on railways is now before the country, and it is high time the facts were set out and faced fairly and squarely.

Related to wages there is the question of hours. British railwaymen not only have the shortest shifts, days or weeks in Europe, but they are paid for travelling and waiting times much more generously than men in other countries. Our men are paid for time on duty, or on call, and for much of their travelling time, whereas on the Continent the reckonings of pay are made as nearly as possible on the basis of actual work or service performed. In Germany, France, Belgium and other countries they aim at what they call the "effective working week." Nearly all travelling and waiting times and stoppages are cut out of the time paid for. The

reports and statistics we get showing how much higher nominal or base wages are in our country than abroad do not reveal the full story, for differences in calculating shifts—the different methods of allowing for travelling and waiting periods—are not given along with the usual wage and hours figures. In Germany, for instance, as much as 85 per cent. of railwaymen's time occupied in travelling and waiting is excluded from the periods counted for wages. Furthermore, overtime is more flexible on foreign than on British railways, and the overtime rates of pay, or extras, are not so generous as with us. It is not only that anything from 200 to 600 hours overtime a year is permitted on the Continental railways, but unlimited overtime is permitted to meet "seasonal requirements" and to "suit the traffic." All such points as these mean more economical operation abroad than at home. Our railway companies are not masters in their own houses. They are placed under such Government control and trade union interferences as are not to be found in any foreign competitive country.

Another important cause of high rail rates in our country is the shortness of the average haul. A railway rate has to cover more than the cost of hauling from one point to another. It has to cover the cost of work at both terminals. The wagon with a consignment of goods for a twenty-mile trip has to be loaded and unloaded, shunted and marshalled, the same as one travelling 100 or 1,000 miles. In a country of short hauls the rates per ton-mile must be high, regardless of other considerations. In a country of long hauls the rates per ton-mile are naturally low. Bulking all goods together, the average length of haul is 54 miles in Britain, 59 miles in Belgium, 89 miles in France, and 300 miles in America. Taking only the heavy traffic—iron ore, coal, pig iron and steel—the average is only 30 miles in Britain, about 70 miles in Belgium, 150 miles in Germany, about 200 miles in France and nearly 500 miles in the United States. The net result is that, in spite of the lower foreign ton-mile rates, British coal, iron and steel are carried from point to point—from pit to port, or mine to works, or works to docks as the case may be—for the lowest total inclusive charges in the competitive world.

The Feminine Man in Politics

By J. O. P. Bland

WHEN, in the fulness of time, the collective wisdom of mankind shall have triumphed over its collective folly; when, taught by accumulated experience, it shall have put an end to war, poverty and disease, the historians and antiquarians of that fortunate Utopia, surveying the progress of civilization through the dark ages of the old time before them, will no doubt perceive clearly the origin and nature of the obstacles which made that progress so difficult and so slow. Comparing, for example, the causes of the decline and fall of the British Empire with those which destroyed the glory that was Greece and the power that was Rome, they should be able to ascribe to each its relative value and effect, and to explain in each case why a type of civilization, which had seemed so full of promise for the human race, fell into decay. When they consider the failure of our present modern world to improve and establish at a higher level the common lot of mankind, their verdict can hardly fail to attribute it in large measure to the persistence of that "blind spot" which for ages failed to regulate the redundant increase of the planet's inhabitants by the "deliberate guidance of judicious foresight," and left it to the tender mercies of Nature's remedies of war, pestilence and famine. One can well imagine that the dispassionate historian of that far-distant day will wonder that for so long the world should have been governed with so little wisdom and that its priests and pundits, amidst all their peace pacts and schemes for a new heaven and a new earth, should have remained so persistently blind to a root cause of suffering and strife.

But when, from the general to the particular, the historian of the millennium comes to examine into the causes of the decline and fall of the British Empire, of that type of civilization which during three centuries did more than any other to blaze new trails for humanity in its painful progress towards the light, and to give peace and security to the weaker nations, he will, I venture to think, find those causes, not in any diminution of

material strength, nor in the onslaughts of barbarians, but in the insidious processes which gradually concentrated political influence in the hands of the Feminine Man, of closet philosophers, sentimental idealists and "liberal-minded" doctrinaires. Seen in distant perspective, the disintegrating force of their pontifical self-deceptions, and of their disastrous experiments in Liberalism, based on the theories of racial equality and self-determination, will assuredly outweigh that of all the combined crafts and assaults of the Empire's foreign foes. He will, therefore, ascribe the lamentable end of the Raj, like that of Rome, not to the strength of hostile tribes on its frontiers, but to the insidious elements of decay, of intellectual dry-rot, at the heart of the Empire, to the predominance in its councils of the type of mind which Prebendary Gough has fittingly described* as that of the "dangerous Feminine Man."

Preaching at the Guards' Chapel in Wellington Barracks, three years ago, that stalwart divine deplored the sapping of the masculine element in the religion and politics of the British nation, and commented on the extraordinary influence now exercised by the Feminine Man on the affairs of Church and State:—

> Any attempt to energize the nation by appeals to a masculine and Imperial spirit—however gracious and humane the purposes to which it is invited to devote its energies—is becoming increasingly regarded as "unchristian." We are to have a special kind of politics, economics and citizenship for restraining efficiency and flattering the incapable. . . . The Feminine Man is so full of pity for any spectacle which suggests hard work, and so unfriendly in his attitude towards robust strength or efficiency, especially efficiency which expects to receive any reward for being efficient. Very strangely, he can often applaud vigorous exercises in other races which are not friendly to us, but he holds that it is irreligious to commend these things in the people of England. . . . This sort of person has a settled conviction that his country is wrong, and any foes who rise against her, right. He is for the most part in favour of making friendly agreements with irreconcilable enemies, even with an enemy who throughout the world is striving for the overthrow of our Empire. And he is quite pleased to bribe the old English energy down into home-abiding lethargy by doles and such-like expedients.

I have quoted Prebendary Gough's description of the Feminine Man because it summarizes with remarkable

* See "St. George for England," ENGLISH REVIEW, June 1927.

accuracy the characteristics and proclivities of the liberal-minded internationalists and sentimental theorists, who for some years past have exercised great and increasing influence in Downing Street and Whitehall, of our Norman Angells and Gilbert Murrays, our Wellses and Curtises, our Toynbees and Bertrand Russells. Also because, since it was written, the foreign and colonial policy of a Labour Government, consisting chiefly of doctrinaires, has reflected this influence with unswerving fidelity and increasingly disastrous results. In Egypt, India, China, Malaya, and many other parts of the world, we are to-day confronted with these results and saddled with policies which, born of the peculiar mentality of the Feminine Man, applaud the expression of vigorous nationalism by every race except their own and conceal the lamentable consequences of their misguided sympathies under a smoke-screen of self-deluding optimism.

In a former article in this REVIEW (February 1930) I drew attention to a warning uttered by Lord Lloyd with regard to the peril of our persistence in the application of the Wilsonian doctrines of racial equality and self-determination to semi-civilized Asiatic and African nations. He was referring at the time especially to the dangerous situation in Egypt, but the warning applies with equal force to India, Africa and the Far East. Equally cogent was his denunciation of the cynical levity with which the Liberal school of thought proposes to abandon strategic positions of vital importance to the Raj and wantonly to sacrifice great markets built up by the courage and enterprise of our people. But warnings such as this fall on deaf ears when addressed to politicians who have surrendered their critical faculty and judgment in world politics to the guidance of the international pacifists of the Round Table persuasion, to the prophets of Chatham House and the seers of the League of Nations Union. Since it was uttered, the processes of demoralization and disintegration have rapidly advanced in several directions. We have seen the Foreign Office endeavouring at all costs to conciliate the frankly irreconcilable Soviets, and to concede the impossible demands of Chinese "Nationalism"; the

India Office parleying with organized law-breaking and sedition; and the Colonial Office proclaiming a native policy in British Africa which plainly implies that the white settlers in territories controlled by that Office are objects of suspicion, to be cheerfully sacrificed to a misguided conception of humanitarianism.

When, thirty years ago, Meredith Townsend discussed the question "Will England retain India?" he observed that, starting from the fallacious assumption that all men are equal and that *morale* is of no importance, a process of disintegration had been initiated which, if carried to its logical conclusion, must mean the doom of the Raj; that is to say, that "the noblest dream ever dreamed by man (that of tranquilly guiding, controlling and perfecting the Asiatic until the worse qualities of his organization had gone out of him) was but a dream after all." Analysing the new softness which he discerned dominant in the mentality of Englishmen, and the growing ascendancy of the sentimentalists in the Councils of the Empire, he observed that, instead of being content to rule well, to do justice and to love mercy, Englishmen had become infected with a desire so to rule that the governed might love and applaud them. He therefore foresaw that the Imperial service must inevitably pass into the hands of men "who have every temptation to be, and will be, Indian Pashas." Also, since there would not be time to complete the one great work of civilization which that Service has begun, the substitution of the idea of government by law for that of government by human volition, he thought it probable that India must fall to pieces and become once more the victim of incessant wars, invasions and struggles for personal ascendancy. In other words, that experiments in Liberalism and blind devotion to the principle of self-determination would produce in India chaos similar to that which they have actually produced in China, and that the theories of the Feminine Man would be vindicated at an incalculable cost of human suffering.

Meredith Townsend perceived at the beginning of the century that the process of disintegration had already begun, and although he thought it possible that English opinion in the matter of racial equality might change

(inasmuch as no other democracy entertains it) he considered this to be unlikely and that England's position as ruler of India would, therefore, become logically untenable. For if the Englishman, by virtue of the superior *morale* of his race, has not a moral right and duty to govern India, nor, on the same grounds, the right to insist upon maintenance of the extra-territorial principle in China, until such time as Asia has acquired the idea of government by law, the Raj becomes manifestly impossible and the White Man will remain in Asia on sufferance and at his peril. As matters stand to-day, it would certainly seem that these gloomy predictions are rapidly being fulfilled. Many of us will continue, nevertheless, to hope and believe, with Prebendary Gough, that the spirit of England is not dead, but only lulled for a while to dreams of false security and that, in the hour of need, it will arise once more, as in 1914, alive to a sense of its duty and responsibilities, and relegate the political activities of the Feminine Man to academic exercises at Geneva and the columns of the Cocoa Press.

To revert to these political activities and the nature of the mentality which inspires them, among the most notable characteristics of the Feminine Man are his contempt for logic and the consistent inconsistency which he displays in the enthusiastic pursuit of his sentimental ideals. Your forward-looking Liberal, especially if he be a professor, discerns nothing contrary to reason in encouraging manifestations of vigorous nationalism by other nations, while sternly deprecating anything of the sort on the part of his own countrymen. The long-haired men and short-haired women who profess the Round Table creed of political magnanimity, by assuming in every international question that England must be in the wrong, are serenely unconscious of anything unreasonable in a faith which looks to the Intelligentsia of India and China to inaugurate a New Era in those countries, and at the same time displays benevolent sympathy for the Russian type of self-determination, which puts its Intelligentsia to the sword—the fact being that, in each case, their sympathy is instinctive, because in both it goes out to those who are actively hostile to the British type of civilization. They can find it in

their hearts to excuse the Imperial gestures of a Mussolini militant; they can even sympathize with the national aspirations of Young Germany, as proclaimed by Herr Hitler, and envisage the revision of the Treaty of Versailles in his favour; but they cannot bear the thought that the youth of England should be allowed to manifest its love of country, or its readiness to defend it, by belonging to a national Cadet Force. The professed ends of their political faith are those of a benevolent humanitarianism, yet in pursuing them they display a curious callousness towards the sufferings which their uplifting processes involve—the barbaric horrors of the Soviet regime, for example, or the pitiful condition to which "nationalism" has reduced the Chinese people. By accepting the guardianship of mandated territories under the League of Nations, they tacitly recognize the truth that, as Amiel says, the foundation of true humanity is justice, and justice for the weak necessitates some form of protection, but they fail (because they do not wish) to recognize the further fact that the two nations which most urgently need protection, as wards of civilization, to-day and for many a day to come, are India and China.

The Feminine Man is not concerned with the sufferings of the masses; let but his theories prevail and the heavens may fall. Nurtured on the catchwords and "world slogans" of international pacifism, he is prepared to make more and more *beaux gestes,* quite regardless of all questions of national security. "Making the Covenant of the League of Nations the corner-stone of British policy," he is willing to dispense with all defensive armoury, including even the right to impose retaliatory tariffs on foreign trade. While we continue to pay lip-service to the idealists' dreams of world-peace, to be achieved by virtue of their pacts and protocols, and while we allow ourselves to be lured into the belief that the League of Nations will protect us from the consequences of our own folly when we have ceased to be in a position to defend ourselves, the solid foundations of the Empire are being rapidly undermined at many points. And without the Empire, we are nothing.

But the "dangerous Feminine Man" has no use for the Raj. Obsessed by the pontifical delusions of the Fourteen Points, he regards it (I quote from the "Round Table") as an anachronism "which came into being long before democracy had begun to make effective headway in Europe or nationalism had made its influence felt in Asia." Therefore, *delenda est.* To his "modern liberal mind," "the rule of one country by the citizens of another is out of date," and contrary to the principle of self-determination, and this despite the fact that the results of the application of this principle at Versailles has been to increase, rather than diminish, the number of discontented minorities and impending revenges in Central Europe. In the same spirit of blind devotion to the principle of racial equality, he cheerfully proceeds to undermine the structure of white civilization in Africa (incidentally dealing, as in China, another severe blow to the overseas trade by which the British people live) unmindful of the fact that the status of the negro population in the United States completely stultifies the principle of racial equality.

But it is in dealing with Russia that the quality of the Feminine Man in politics is most clearly revealed. His political creed being chiefly based upon the efficacy of treaties to replace armed force as a solvent of international disputes, it would appear, to any logical mind, that his benevolent sympathies could not possibly be extended to a Government which openly glories in a deliberate policy of bad faith calculated to do the utmost injury to the British Empire. Yet such is his mental pliancy that, as we all know, he has far more sympathy for Russia's bloodstained experiments in democracy than for the difficulties and dangers that confront many a community of his own countrymen overseas.

Victor Hugo's Mother

By Francis Gribble

VICTOR HUGO, as is well known, regarded himself, and wished others to regard him, as the "sublime child" of a romantic marriage. Consequently, when handing out biographical material to enthusiastic admirers, he not only idealized his parents, but told bare-faced lies about them.

On his father's side, he said, he was descended from the aristocratic Hugos of Lorraine, one of his ancestors having been Captain of the Duc de Lorraine's Guards. His mother, the daughter of a Nantes ship-builder, had been, at the age of fifteen, "a brigand like Mme. de Bonchamps and Mme de la Rochejaquelein" in the war in La Vendée. Their dissensions, which it would have been impossible to conceal, as they had led to a demand for a judicial separation, were not his mother's fault. She was the injured and innocent victim of the miscellaneous amours of a wandering soldier, generally separated from his wife by the uncompromising exigencies of military service. There is hardly a grain of truth in any of these statements.

Victor Hugo's father had no connection whatever with the Hugos of Lorraine. He was the son of a carpenter and the grandson of a peasant. One of his sisters was the wife of a baker and another sister was married to a barber. His mother was the daughter, not of a shipbuilder, but of a captain in the merchant service who had commanded vessels engaged in the slave trade. She considered, however, that she belonged to the *bourgeoisie,* and that, in marrying Captain Hugo—a "ranker" of the Republican army—she had married beneath her. She had married him, apparently, because, having no dowry, she saw no chance of making a better match. When, soon after her marriage, an officer whom she regarded as her social equal flattered her and paid her marked attention, she was tempted and fell, and remained her lover's mistress until his death.

That is the true story in outline. The details are extremely interesting and have been carefully marshalled by M. Louis Guimbaud in his admirable work, "La Mère de Victor Hugo" (Plon).

The story begins at Nantes during the Terror, Sophie

Trébuchet being then, not fifteen, as Victor Hugo says, but twenty-one years of age. She was frightened, and persuaded the aunt, with whom she was living, to take her to live in the country, where she possessed a small estate. She was there, in the midst of civil war, from 1794 till 1797. Her sympathies were certainly with the royalists; but she seems to have served their cause, not as a combatant, but as a spy. Outwardly on good terms with the Jacobins, she gave their enemies such information as she could pick up about their plans and movements, with the result that a number of them were lured into an ambuscade and massacred at La Renaudière.

Captain Hugo came to Chateaubriant, where Sophie Trébuchet and her aunt were living, charged with the task of hunting up and suppressing royalist rebels. It was convenient for her to know him and agreeable for him to know her. He accepted her aunt's hospitality and fell in love with her. Possibly she also fell in love with him, for he was handsome and, in spite of his plebeian origin, had, as women say, "a way with him." Moreover, he was a "humane" Republican, very different from Carrier of Nantes, always responsive to appeals for clemency.

He was not campaigning alone. After the fashion of the age, he had his mistress with him—a young woman of whom nothing is known except that, also in accordance with the custom of the age, she signed herself: *Louise Bouin, femme Hugo.* He neglected her, however, when he found that he preferred Sophie Trébuchet—the first attractive woman, in all likelihood, of good birth and breeding who had treated him as her social equal. After his recall to Paris he corresponded with Sophie Trébuchet; and when Louise Bouin left him—whether because she was tired of him or in order to "better herself"—he proposed marriage to Sophie, and was accepted.

The marriage, which took place on November 25, 1797, could not possibly have succeeded—there were too many disintegrating elements. Social and political differences were supplemented by those arising out of the *res angusta domi;* for neither bride nor bridegroom had any appreciable private income, and Captain Hugo's pay and allowances in the post to which he had been

appointed of *rapporteur* to a military court in permanent session at the Hotel de Ville amounted only to £200 a year. The seeds of future trouble were sown on the day on which Captain Hugo took his wife to the *Jardin d'Idalie* and introduced Colonel La Horie.

One finds only casual references to Colonel La Horie in Lives of Victor Hugo. This is the reference which we find in "Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie":

"Eugène and Victor were called into the drawing-room, one day, and introduced by their mother to a man of middle height, pock-marked, with black hair and whiskers, and a kind and gentle face, a relative, she told them. This relative dined with them that day. They saw him again the next day, the day after that, and several days in succession. . . . Madame Hugo had two reasons for showing him hospitality—he was an outlaw and a friend. He had rendered services to her husband in the Army of the Rhine. He was the godfather of one of her children."

He was, in fact, Victor Hugo's godfather; and he was also—though Victor Hugo does not tell us that—the one man who had ever really counted in Madame Hugo's life.

Though not of noble birth, he was both better born and better educated than Captain Hugo, having been the contemporary of Robespierre and Camille Desmoulins at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand. Presently, when trouble began, he was to side with Moreau against Napoleon. In the meantime, thanks to Moreau's favour, he was able to help Hugo. He was particularly helpful to him when he came within an ace of being cashiered for accusing the colonel under whom he was serving in the Army of the Rhine—whether justly or unjustly one does not know—of accepting bribes from soldiers who asked him for furlough.

It was in Lorraine—at Nancy and Lunéville and Besançon, where Victor Hugo was born—that he and Madame Hugo renewed an acquaintance which developed, first into friendship, and then into passionate love; and though Captain Hugo does not seem to have known what was going on, he did realize that his wife's affection for him was waning. At all events, the rest of the story of his relations with her is one of steadily

increasing estrangement, "faults on both sides," mutual recriminations, half-hearted and invariably unsuccessful attempts at reconciliations, renewed quarrels and legal proceedings.

Their three children, Abel, Eugène and Victor, formed a certain link between them. She was very fond of them, and he was always anxious to know how they were getting on. That much appears in the correspondence, whether he wrote from Elba, Corsica, the Kingdom of Naples, where Joseph Bonaparte employed him to hunt down Fra Diavolo, or Spain, where Joseph made him a Count and the Governor of a Province. But it is also clear from the correspondence, not only that Madame Hugo much preferred to live apart from her husband, but also that, when she was with him, she refused to live with him as his wife. After her departure from Elba, where she had stayed with him for a short time, he wrote pathetically:

"Good-bye, Sophie. Try to remember sometimes that nothing can console me for your absence, that the desire to possess you is a worm which gnaws my vitals, that I am at an age at which a man's passions are strongest, and that I am bound to complain bitterly when I feel the need of pressing you against my heart. My friend Prégusse is very fortunate. His wife loves him and he possesses her. I, on my part, possess nothing but annoyance, trouble and boredom."

The dots are put on the i's in a reference to this period contained in a recital of grievances, formulated, some years later, in a suit for divorce.

"The most gentle persuasion," we there read, "was vain in consequence of my wife's inflexible character. She refused me all my conjugal privileges, deprived me of my children, and took them to Paris—a proceeding the more dangerous because an English force was blocking the way."

Naturally he did not endure such treatment indefinitely without retaliating; the ardour of his passions forbade. At a time when Hugo—he was now Colonel Hugo—was pleading poverty in reply to his wife's demand for an increased allowance, and telling her that, after all unavoidable expenses had been paid, he had only two francs a day left for pocket money, he was, in

fact, maintaining a second establishment for a certain Catherine Thomas; and it was because that second establishment, modest enough in the impecunious days, had, when the long-delayed day of prosperity dawned, become scandalously conspicuous that Madame Hugo returned to him for the last time.

He had quite outgrown his desire for her society. Catherine Thomas had consoled him for the loss of it as completely as she herself had once consoled him for the loss of the society of Louise Bouin. But King Joseph had thought it his duty to interfere in the business.

He was no Puritan. He had a mistress of his own. He agreed with most of the other monarchs of the period that a mistress was one of the indispensable appanages of royal state. But he took himself sufficiently seriously as a king to object to scandals in his court. It shocked his sense of ceremonial dignity that this Catherine Thomas—a common trollop whom Hugo, now General Count Hugo, had been taking about with him in male attire—should be making herself prominent on solemn official occasions, assuming the title of Countess, and signing herself, *Catherine de Hugo, Comtesse de Siguenza, née de Salcano*. That could not be tolerated, but must be stopped; and it seemed to him that the best way of stopping it would be to give Hugo a pleasant surprise by sending for his wife.

La Horie had been arrested, for political reasons which shall be explained presently, so that she had, at the moment, no sentimental ties to keep her in Paris. In Paris she was poor and of no particular account. In Spain, she was led to suppose, she would be rich and a great lady. So she set out, with her three sons, travelling in luxurious splendour. Her husband had not been told that she was coming; and when she presented herself, unannounced, at the second establishment, he was not only surprised to see her, but furiously angry with her for daring to disturb his domestic arrangements.

He cursed and swore. He took the children away from her, refused to give her any money, and began proceedings for divorce. She, of course, appealed to Joseph; and Joseph insisted upon a reconciliation. The reconciliation, however, had hardly been patched up when some mischief-maker told Hugo the story—current

gossip in Paris, but unsuspected by him—of her relations with La Horie. That naturally revived his fury; and Joseph had to intervene again. His sincere wish, he wrote to Hugo, was that he and Madame Hugo should live together happily; and he went on:

"I cannot conceal from you my determination that, if this wish of mine is not realized, you cannot be allowed to set a bad example by refusing to live with Madame Hugo, as the public has the right to expect a man in your position to set a good example.

"Nor can I conceal from you the fact that, much as I should regret separation from you, I should prefer that to the spectacle which your family has been presenting for the last three months."

The upshot of that was that she went back to Paris with a substantial portion of General Hugo's various stipends allocated to her maintenance; and going back to Paris meant going back to La Horie, whose fortunes now claim attention.

He had been an intermediary in certain negotiations between Moreau and Pichegru which had preceded a royalist plot against Napoleon. Pichegru had been shot. Moreau had been expelled from the country and was in America. La Horie had gone into hiding.

The search for him had been thorough. The police had raided every house which he was known to frequent, both in Paris and in the provinces, and had very nearly caught him, knowing from "information received" that a fall from his horse had lamed him and that he was being nursed at a friend's house in the Rue de Clichy.

"They went there," M. Guimbaud writes, "early in the morning, expecting to arrest in his bed the man whom they had been looking for for the last six months. They found the door open, the occupants of the house smiling, and the bed empty. By one of those miracles with which love is familiar, La Horie was taking his ease in the house opposite in which Sophie Hugo had just installed herself with her children. He had just been carried across the street on a stretcher."

He did not stay very long, fearing to compromise her; but, after a while, impunity emboldened him. The search for him had become casual and perfunctory. Napoleon's animosity had relaxed. It was intimated to him by some indirect means that, if he liked to follow

Moreau to America, he would be allowed to get away unmolested. But he would not go. His love for Sophie Hugo kept him in France and frequently brought him to Paris. He came to see her whenever his wardrobe required attention. She darned his stockings and sewed on his buttons. Finally she furnished a room for him at *Les Feuillantines*, and he came to live in it; and, every now and again, he disguised himself, and they went out together for an excursion.

Their life together, occasionally interrupted by Madame Hugo's visits to her husband, lasted until the Pichegru conspiracy was a memory six years old, La Horie passing, apparently with the knowledge and tacit approval of the police, as "M. de Courlandais"; but it came to a sudden end in 1810 when Savary succeeded Fouché as the Chief of Nalopeon's police.

La Horie and Savary had, in the past, been on terms of intimate friendship. It was not unlikely, La Horie thought, that, if he appealed to Savary, he might, through his influence, be restored to Napoleon's favour. He proposed to go and see him at the Ministry.

Sophie Hugo discouraged the idea. She was living happily with La Horie. She shrank from any risks which would imperil her happiness. Some instinct told her that Savary was not a man to be trusted—was he not the man whom Napoleon always employed to do his dirty work? But La Horie insisted. He went to the Ministry of Police and saw Savary. He told Savary where he was living, and under what name he was passing, and appealed for indulgence in the name of friendship; and Savary replied:

"I knew all this. Fouché knew it, too. You can withdraw. The decision rests with the Emperor."

The next morning, while he was breakfasting in his dressing-gown, two visitors called to see him. He went out to speak to them. He did not return. The rolling of carriage wheels was heard, and Madame Hugo's maid-servant ran in to her, exclaiming:

"Madame, they have taken him away."

That was in 1810. It was because La Horie was in prison and she herself was an object of suspicion to the police that Sophie Hugo accepted King Joseph's invitation to join her husband in Spain. It was in March 1812 that she left him there and returned to Paris, La Horie

having been, ever since her departure, in prison at Vincennes. He was not badly treated there. His gaolers made him and the other political prisoners, who were mainly ecclesiastics, as comfortable as they could. He had been allowed to bring his library, his wardrobe, and his guitar, which he played to his ecclesiastical audience. He was also permitted to receive visitors; and that meant, of course, that he had opportunities of conspiring—opportunities which improved when he was transferred, at his request, from the Vincennes prison to that of La Force, where prison discipline was still more lenient. So he conspired, Sophie Hugo who, after her return to Paris, became his most frequent visitor, urging him on to do so.

Conspiracy was then in the air, and seemed to have a fair prospect of success. Napoleon was far away, beset by Cossacks on the Russian Steppes. Royalists and Republicans were disposed to sink their own differences for the purpose of overthrowing him. General Malet was willing to lead them.

The conspirators held their conferences in Dr. Dubuisson's *maison de santé:* a private lunatic asylum in which certain privileged political prisoners were interned, nominally as lunatics, but, in reality, as "paying guests," forbidden to leave the establishment, but subject to no other restrictions. Sophie Hugo called there regularly on her way to visit her lover at La Force, and on her return from her visits to him. In that way she kept him in touch with the plans; and when he hesitated, not feeling much confidence in the other conspirators, she encouraged him with inspiring words. It was proposed, she told him, to give him Savary's post as Minister of Police. Did not the idea of giving Savary that slap in the face appeal to him?

It did; and the day appointed for the rising dawned.

At five o'clock on the morning of October 23, 1812, a gaoler come to La Horie with the news that the Emperor was dead, that all the prisoners were to be released, and that a general was below and wished to speak to him. He dressed, went down, and found Malet, who placed a battalion under his command, and despatched him to arrest Savary and take possession of his Ministry, which he duly did, saying magnanimously:

"You need not be afraid, Savary. No harm will

come to you. You may think yourself fortunate that it is into my hands that you have fallen."

Savary, however, was not the man to allow himself to be arrested quietly. He stormed at the soldiers, telling them that an impostor had made dupes of them. He fumbled for a weapon, meaning to stab La Horie in the back; and La Horie then sent him off under escort to the very prison from which he himself had just issued forth. But his triumph was brief.

First, he breakfasted at his leisure. Then, feeling that he ought to wear uniform when taking charge of his new office, he sent for a tailor, whom he instructed to alter Savary's uniform to fit him. Finally he sat down at Savary's desk, took a sheet of note-paper, and began to write:

"My dear Malet:

"I have arrested the Minister, and I thought it would be the safer course also to have him——"

But he got no further. While he was writing, three men entered the office and introduced themselves: the Adjutant-General of the Government of Paris; the Secretary-General of the Prefecture of Police; and an Inspector of Police. He asked them politely what they wanted. They replied, with equal politeness, that they wanted him, Malet having been arrested, and the comedy, which had lasted exactly four hours, being over.

That is the dramatic end of the dramatic story. Sophie Hugo had miscalculated, the talk of the royalist conspirators at the *maison de santé* having misled her. In the intensity of her desire to see her lover released and restored to her, she had lured him into the path which led him to his death.

His enterprise had been impossible from the first; and when it failed, there was no possible defence. He was, as a matter of course, tried by court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot to death, together with Malet, on the Plaine de Grenelle; and there remained nothing for Sophie Hugo to do except to follow the tumbrils which carried the bodies of the conspirators to the *fosse commune* in the cemetery of Vaugirard.

After that, she had only her children to live for. She died in 1821, a depressed and melancholy woman, who never smiled, crushed by the unbearable burden of a tragic memory.

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At The Fortunate Frog

By Coutts Brisbane

[*Previous exploits of Dr. Hi Ho have been told in the E.R. for July 1929 and August 1930.*—Ed. E.R.]

THE last of the long line of patients had departed, writhing but relieved. Dr. Hi Ho sat himself down on the low couch that had served all morning as operating table, lit the pipe which his servant Sung presented to him with the cautery iron which had done yeoman service, and puffing a cloud of smoke, permitted himself to smile.

That morning at daybreak he had opened his clinic for the first time in his own house, after years spent as an itinerant practitioner proclaiming his merits in every market place of the great province of Ho Nan.

He had done well. Already he had thought of settling down in some large city, when a stroke of fortune had trebled his capital and he no longer hesitated.

He had purchased a small but well-situated house in the Street of The Evening Star, in Sen Yang, hired a hairy, two-humped camel and sent it forth through the crowded city ways, led by his faithful ex-barrowman, Sung, to announce his arrival.

There was no false modesty about the advertisement. Large placards hung on either side of the beast proclaimed in red letters: "Dr. Hi Ho, Mighty Healer of bodies, is come to live among you, in the house of The Fortunate Frog, in Evening Star Street. Dr. Hi Ho, Healer of Mandarins, the Best Doctor in the World. All Diseases cured. Pain abolished. Dr. Hi Ho, who formerly sat in the market place, receives the sick at the sign of The Fortunate Frog, or heals the incurable in their own homes.

"Dr. Hi Ho, the Greatest Doctor in the World, is in Evening Star Street at the sign of The Fortunate Frog. He cures Everything!"

And since Dr. Hi Ho was already widely known as a successful if somewhat drastic dealer with human infirmities, business had started with sunrise. He had reason to smile.

"We begin well, Sung!" he observed. "And we will do better. The Fortunate Frog is well named."

"Frogs become the prey of serpents," murmured

Sung. "There are three in Sen Yang who will willingly attempt to seat you in the saddle of the Heaven Aspiring Steed without unnecessary delay. I have already seen them observing the crowd at your door, and their faces were as those of men who wear the wooden collar of torment."

"Doubtless you speak of my honourable brethren in the art of body-restoring? I have seen them before when we sat at the corner of the market place. Twice they have endeavoured to drive me away by the blows of hired men with clubs. But the people protected me. It will be the same again."

"The tiger may miss his spring at one who runs. The sleeping man is a sure prey," grunted Sung. "Also they now have time to consult together. Yet the chief of these men, the honourable Yat Foo, is elderly and rich. May this humble one suggest that soft words and a not inconsiderable present may incline his heart youwards, or at the least move him to abstain from such actions as may end in my inconsiderable self having with great grief to arrange with an undertaker on your behalf?"

"Since he is the elder of the honourable brethren, etiquette plainly demands that I should call upon him," said Hi Ho softly. "And a bag of taels of superior silver and good weight would be a suitable indication of the reverence due to one far gone in years, even though he may have advanced into second childhood. I will go. You will go also, remaining at the door in an attitude of respect."

"And wearing beneath my coat a short sword of superior sharpness," agreed Sung. "I will fetch your horse that you may go with fitting dignity."

For near half a century, Dr. Yat Foo had practised in Sen Yang; so it was not surprising that he had a fine house surrounded by a high wall and excellently designed garden, with several servants whose manners were polished as jade.

Dr. Hi Ho was conducted to an inner apartment, the windows of which looked upon the garden, and there left while the servant sought his master. Dr. Hi looked forth and beheld a sight entrancing even to one who had in his professional capacity seen many of the pearls adorning

the yamens of wealthy merchants and great mandarins, for the maiden reclining by the fish pond far outshone them all in pulchritude and the modesty of the regard with which she returned Dr. Hi Ho's respectful yet adoring gaze.

Rising with a grace that recalled the rhythmic movements of a slim bamboo swayed by the breeze of morning, the maiden approached the window.

"Honourable sir, be not impatient if my revered father delays giving himself the ineffable pleasure of beholding your moonlike countenance," she said in a voice in which blended the sweetest notes of singing birds. "At this hour he permits himself to repose after the labours of the morning."

"I trust his sleep may be sound and prolonged so that I may the longer enjoy the delight of looking upon you and hearing words that are as the sounds of a lute of jade and gold," replied Dr. Hi. "This despicable person's only claim to consideration is that he belongs to the same profession as your revered and honourable progenitor, having practised it with not inconsiderable success about the province. Now he has ventured to establish himself in this city and so has come to pay his respects to the great Dr. Yat Foo. The name is Hi Ho, favourably known as a healer of mandarins."

At these last words, the maiden's countenance, of a peach-like smoothness and rotundity, which had so far exhibited only the degree of interest demanded by politeness to a not ill-looking stranger, became animated by curiosity and concern, for, indeed, the name of Hi Ho had been spoken in that house in terms of no kindliness.

"My revered father is well stricken in years. It may be that age has soured a once-benevolent disposition, yet he has permitted himself to speak of the honourable Dr. Hi Ho in terms such as might be employed by the High Ones in reprimanding an inferior insect," she said hesitatingly. "Would it not be well, therefore, to prepare yourself for a rebuff?"

"Do you, most marvellous blossom of the gardens of Paradise, share this inhospitable sentiment?" asked Hi Ho eagerly.

"I rejoice to talk to one so renowned as to cause the venerable one to break a jade vase of considerable

value but unequalled ugliness and even to bestow hard words upon the humble person who addresses you," she replied, lowering her eyes as modesty required, but allowing a smile to uplift the corners of a mouth comparable only to the petals of a vermilion flower. "And this humble one ventures to assure Dr. Hi Ho that, in the household of Yat Foo, she will remain his admiring friend."

"The house of The Fortunate Frog is lonely. It lacks a mistress. Is it possible that this lowly one might hope to one day adorn his hearth with a graceful shoot from the gnarled trunk of the venerable Yat Foo?" asked Hi. Practice with the more exacting tools of his profession had taught him to reach his objective with speed and precision.

"It is written that many things, though possible, are too often difficult of accomplishment," she murmured. "Yet to a person of such attainments as the honourable Dr. Hi Ho, such a transplantation might not be impossible. But now I must go. If it were known to the venerable and irascible one that I had talked with you, many blows from a heavy cane would be my portion."

"But I must see you again. I do not know your name!" said Hi Ho urgently.

"About the falling of night I will be in that summer-house. And the name is Willow Leaf," whispered the girl, and slipped softly out of sight.

A moment later a servant, whose countenance having once encountered a sword, was destitute of a nose, appeared and, in tones of dislike, bade Dr. Hi Ho follow him to the presence of the master.

Dr. Yat Foo's person, despite a plenitude of good food, was of a meagre habit, while his thin face, creased with many wrinkles, was distorted by malevolence as he glared at his visitor. Yet habit was strong and he could not refrain from making the usual gestures of courtesy. He bowed.

"This humble and despicable roof is honoured by the presence of the learned and benevolent Dr. Hi Ho," he said. "To what happy cause may I attribute the delight of beholding his luminous and sagacious countenance?"

"To the desire of basking for a moment in the rays

of wisdom emanating from the person of the world-famed Dr. Yat Foo and of hearing his mellifluous voice," replied Hi Ho. "Also, as a mark of the esteem in which I hold him, to lay at his feet this small token of regard."

Dr. Foo took the bag eagerly enough, weighed it speculatively and laid it beside him.

"It shall be expended in works of benevolence," he murmured. "Doubtless, my son, you are proceeding further northwards in a day or so?"

"I had proposed to bask in the effulgence of the light cast upon Sen Yang by your learned self for a number of years only to be limited by the decree of the Rulers of the Upper Sphere," murmured Hi Ho. "I have thrown my good money away," he thought.

"You reside in the house named The Fortunate Frog, I am told. That is a misfortune. The house is an unlucky one. Short is the span of those who dwell there," went on Yat Foo.

"I will consult an astrologer. Perhaps the luck may be made to change," suggested Hi Ho with a smile.

"I am something of an astrologer and I have read in the stars that the town of Sen Yang is unlucky for anyone of the honourable house of Ho," replied Yat Foo in a voice of doom.

"Is it permitted to ask what form this ill-luck will take?" asked Hi Ho, still smiling, though he had received notice to quit.

"The voice of the stars has spoken with no incertitude. Head and body batterings, slicing with swords and knives, and a funeral marred by the absence of a head from the honoured remains are but too plainly indicated. Be warned, my son. In the fine province of Sze Chuan, fortune awaits you. Seek it without delay."

"One hundred and five persons sought my aid this morning. Numerous others will undoubtedly arrive to-morrow, while I have received requests to visit several wealthy men in their own yamens. Shall I leave them to perish because the stars have spoken? Perhaps, Oh! venerated Yat Foo, your ears have mistaken the words. Have I your leave to withdraw my humble and despicable person from your honoured roof?"

"Your going will be as the withdrawal of the sun.

May your health continue to be excellent—yet I fear it will not," quoth Yat Foo, and so bowed him out.

Escorted by the no-nosed servant, he reached the street and the waiting Sung, mounted his horse and rode home through a rosy dream inspired not by the prospect of dissolution offered by Yat Foo's words, but by the thought of presently seeing his daughter. He ordered a light repast, and having eaten, lay down to repose for a little before setting out to visit Yat Foo's garden.

Meanwhile, Yat Foo had summoned the other two old-established doctors of Sen Yang, men of substance both, Dr. See Hop and Dr. Lu. Younger than Foo, they might be assumed to have a greater interest in suppressing competition before it could affect them adversely. Yat Foo came to the point with admirable —and unusual—brevity.

"This mangy dog, Hi Ho, who calls himself a healer, has been here. I told him that the climate of Sen Yang was unhealthy for him. He will not take the warning. If he remains, there are lean days for all of us, for the people, unmindful of what we have done for them in the past, flock to him. My man Chai can break a head very skilfully. The river will carry a body far."

"That is not the way!" said Dr. See Hop. "The fellow has great friends. He procured for one great lord the felicity of a son and another he has certainly cured of jaundice. Also, the mandarin of the province, Sun Lo Chi, is said to be about to visit us, and he might be moved to make loud noises if a healer disappears, accompanied by questioning and slicings. Already Dr. Lu and I have considered the matter."

"Thus!" intoned Dr. Lu pompously, for he was a person of girth. "Let us stir up the people against him. Let a body be procured, one of a traveller who is a stranger. Let the body be bestowed in the outhouse of the house of Hi Ho. Then let an old woman—my sister will play the part, for she seldom stirs from my house and few know her—let her make an outcry, swearing that Hi Ho has slain the man to calcine his bones for medicine and that he is her sister's son. She shall make much outcry. The people will follow her to the garden of Hi Ho. There they will find the body. And because they are stupid and ignorant and there is good

loot in Hi Ho's house, they will fall upon him. And perhaps in the riot someone will deal Hi Ho a blow that will send him to the Upper Air without more ado. At the least, no more people will crowd about his door for healing."

"Your words are wise," murmured Yat Foo. "I see but one difficulty. We have no body prepared, yet we should move swiftly before Sun Lo Chi comes to us."

"We have your headbreaker, Chai. Let him go forth in the dusk and make a body ready. Travellers are often late upon the road. Then let him take the body to Hi's garden and leave the rest to me—and the people."

"It is good!" agreed Yat Foo. "So it shall be. Now let us instruct Chai. He is stupid, but when once he understands he remembers."

Sen Yang had a wall. Once this wall had been strong and high, a protection against brigands and spoilers. But time and neglect, and the attentions of builders who found in it a quarry, had made many gaps in it, and though the gates were solemnly shut at sundown, belated travellers usually entered by the nearest hole.

Dr. Hi Ho had noted that Dr. Yat Foo's garden backed against the town wall. He had also observed that though there was no gap just there, the upper tiers of stones had been removed, while cracks offered a ready foothold. As darkness fell, he climbed into the garden and sought the summerhouse. Willow Leaf, clad in shimmering grey silk, gleamed in the obscurity.

"Flower of Paradise!" began Dr. Hi Ho. "Redolent garden of sweet herbs! Moon of——"

"Hush! At another time, honourable Dr. Ho, I will listen to sweet words. But now listen to mine. Mischief is intended towards you. I do not know what, but Chai, who is a person of evil countenance and a heart of stone, goes presently forth to accomplish it. Be silent! Let us watch the going out. He comes!"

The execrable Chai appeared walking upon feet of silence and bearing a short but heavy club which might be concealed in the sleeve. He climbed the wall.

"Moon of Endless Delight!" murmured Dr. Hi Ho. "I will follow. It may be that the Watchers will offer

to this person an opportunity of connecting the edge of this sword with the head of the abominable Chai. Tomorrow at this hour I will return."

And without further ado, for the need was pressing, he too surmounted the wall and followed the shadowy figure, moving silently in the direction of the town's eastern gate. At a little distance from it, Chai took to the road and there loitered. Dr. Hi Ho, perceiving that the time was not yet come for any attempt upon the fellow, crouched by the wayside.

Two travellers, well mounted and carrying drawn swords against the chances of the road, passed at a trot. The execrable Chai, perceiving the gleam of steel, with admirable discretion withdrew himself from their observation behind a clump of weeds. They passed into the town through a convenient hole in the wall.

For a little was silence. Then came a solitary figure, walking with the gait of one whose honourable feet are incommoded by the roughness of the way. Even in the gloom it was plain that he was a beggar, for his clothing was ragged and he bore a bowl.

Chai rose from his lurking place as he passed and suddenly, without warning or even a polite word to indicate to the stranger that he was about to pass into a state of no-existence, smote him heavily upon the head with his loaded club.

Dr. Hi Ho, greatly interested in this manifestation of the essential baseness of the execrable Chai, remained quiescent until, having hoisted the victim upon his broad shoulders, the slayer set off once more around the walls. Dr. Hi Ho followed at a discreet distance.

Thus he perceived the execrable Chai enter the town once more by a gap in the wall, well shrouded by creepers and scale the wall of a garden beyond.

And now Dr. Hi Ho's interest quickened, for though time had been lacking to explore the vicinity of the Street of the Evening Star, the dilapidated summer-house to which Chai bore the defunct was all too familiar, for it was his own. Dr. Ho hesitated. Should he draw his sword and, hamstringing Chai, call for help? Or, slaying him outright, dispose of the bodies with the help of Sung, thus leaving the atrocious Dr. Yat Foo in doubt of the fate of his emissary?

But while he hesitated, Chai, with movements of much celerity, had sped across the garden and, surmounting the wall at another place, proceeded along the street into the Everywhere.

Dr. Hi Ho meditated no longer. He ran to his house and summoning Sung, told him of what had occurred. Sung sighed.

"Honourable sir, there is but one thing which a wise man may do. Let us bear this not-breathing one to the garden of the honourable Dr. Foo and there bury him, but not deeply. A word to the magistrate that the honourable Foo employs such remains for the practice of magic is then clearly indicated. Let us hasten."

This advice, being at once sound and practical, they hastened to the summerhouse, bearing a light and the wherewithal for the digging of a grave. By the light, Dr. Hi Ho inspected the defunct. And at once something which the stupidity of Chai had failed to note, became apparent. Though outwardly clad in the rags of a beggar, the body was inwardly covered with garments of superior silk; while a long knife which, but for a fallacious reliance upon the protection afforded by his poor appearance might have saved his life, was of excellent quality and adorned with jewels of price.

"Such garments are too good for the tomb!" murmured Sung.

"Are we robbers? Be silent!" quoth Dr. Hi sternly. "Yet it may be that he wears some amulet by which doubtless sorrowing relatives——Ah!" He paused, then bent a listening ear. "Amazing is the no-perception of the villain Chai. This man lives! Let us bear him within and struggle with the Demon for his life!"

Shortly after, faint groans, presently rising to prolonged howls arose from the house of The Fortunate Frog as, relieved by timely bloodletting and stimulated by skilful touches of a cautery iron, the victim of ill-directed endeavour struggled back to consciousness.

Towards dawn, revived by wine, sustained by a bowl of chicken soup and four black eggs warranted a century old, which Dr. Hi Ho kept in stock for his better class patients, the apparently dead recovered sufficiently to

give an account of himself and pour out his thanks to his preserver.

The rosy flush of dawn suffused the Upper Air as, leaving the sleeping man in the charge of the wife of Sung, a person of discreet years and well versed in cookery, Dr. Hi Ho and the faithful Sung, well armed, though their garments concealed their weapons, proceeded to the residence of the honourable Dr. Yat Foo.

Early though the hour, there were yet signs of activity by the gate of the dean of Sen Yang. Two chairs stood there, each with its chairmen. Dr. Hi Ho recognized them. They belonged to the honourable Drs. See Hop and Lu. Glowering in the gateway was the execrable Chai.

"Lead me to the presence of the learned and venerable doctor, your honourable master," said Dr. Hi Ho, smiling with the affability of a tiger of the hills confronting a well-fed but unarmed traveller. "Celerity is indicated. If it is not forthcoming, the stars prophesy disaster to his palatial dwelling and all within."

With a growl of confusion, Chai led the way into the yamen, and so to the presence of Dr. Yat Foo, who, in act of concluding the last arrangements for the stirring up of the dregs of Sen Yang against Dr. Hi Ho, regarded him with consternation, while his eminent and honourable colleagues permitted their mouths to display their yellow teeth.

"Revered and honourable brethren!" began Dr. Hi Ho, bowing ceremoniously to each in turn. "Your very humble and ignorant brother comes to render thanks to you for the kindness displayed in the dark hours. Well does this person know that each of you could have revived the honourable and eminent person sent to him by the hands of the strong and dexterous No-Nose, Chai. Yet perceiving that he was young and in need of help, your magnanimity selected Hi Ho. The great Sun Lo Chi has been pleased to thank him in terms that modesty does not allow him to repeat, while promising him other rewards of a more substantial if less gratifying sort."

The three forgot politeness. They glared, they stared.

"Sun Lo Chi?" cried Yat Foo. "The mandarin who comes to dwell in our midst?"

"The same," quoth Dr. Hi Ho blandly. "A person of surpassing merit who, that he might the better observe the extortions of minor officials, has been traversing his province in the garb of a beggar—with his soldiers and yamen men a little behind him. They are already in the city. Sun Lo Chi will presently send them forth to seek a person with no nose, who, he has told me, assaulted him with head batterings. Absence is indicated for that person, lest there be slicings. Assault upon the body of a high official is bitterly punished."

There was a stir by the door. Chai became suddenly notable by his absence. With one accord the three smiled and nodded to each other; with no word spoken, they were agreed.

"My son," said Yat Foo, "in the name of we three, the healers of Sen Yang, this person bids you welcome. Presents of a quality befitting one of your transcendent merits shall soon be within your honourable house. Commend us to the noble Sun Lo Chi, in case there should be some of his household too mean in degree to deserve your skill."

"Truly it shall be so," murmured Dr. Hi Ho. "There is but one thing more. This person lacks a wife to adorn his hearth and furnish him with sons who shall make the offerings when he has by the decree of the High Ones become an ancestor. The Willow is a tree of grateful shade and peculiar fertility. A Willow Leaf is a graceful and fitting decoration for an abode, mean yet not unfurnished with all that may be required by the household of a humble but flourishing healer of bodies."

"To be allied with the ancient and honourable house of Ho is the one wish which this person desires to gratify," said Dr. Yat Foo. "A go-between of renowned skill and delicacy shall wait upon the honourable Dr. Hi Ho within the hour. All shall be concluded swiftly. And now, what say the Sages? 'Of all precious things, nought is better than a cup of wine drunk by brethren in amity.'"

And solemnly, fraternally, the medical faculty of Sen Yang drank together.

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See also "Shaftesbury Homes," page i (advt.) and the Cancer Hospital, page iii (advt.)

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A Sarajevo Idyll

By Nora Alexander

BADEMA lay upon her divan, by no means a luxurious one, but her expectant eyes belied the attitude of repose, and from the occasional quick movements of her head it was obvious that her ears also were keenly on the alert for some sound.

It came at last, the click of a lifted latch as an old, black-robed priest entered the cobbled courtyard, and with slow, heavy steps mounted the few shallow stairs and knocked upon her door.

"Badema Begović," he quavered, "wilt thou take Kemal Mesakadić for thy husband?"

Badema sat up, tucked her legs under her, and smiled. But she made no answer in words. Again came the knock and the question; and again the girl's only answer lay in her dancing eyes and a little noiseless clapping of her small, slim hands. At the third repetition, however, the claims of dignity and maiden modesty having now been fully satisfied, she called out a gay affirmative. By this simple means she completed the wedding ceremony, and acquired for herself the desirable status of an *hanooma,* or married woman, despite the fact that the bridegroom had not put in an appearance. Technically, moreover, since he was in no way related to her, he had not yet set eyes upon his bride.

But it chanced that in Badema's home there was an upper, cross-barred window overlooking the narrow road that formed the Sunday parade of Turkish youth on their way to the open-air *kafana* on the mountain slope. Here they were wont to sip their coffee and dance before the admiring gaze of the veiled women watching from outside the enclosure sacred to the superior male. From her vantage point Badema's roguish eyes regularly peeped, the *yashmak* covering her tell-tale lips, while Kemal from the road beneath cast up swift glances as he passed. For all their swiftness, Badema, an experienced woman of the world of fifteen, was at no loss to interpret their serious intention. Very rapidly she divined that this was no mere flirtation. Kemal meant business.

Wherefore she began to carry her small and lovely head more proudly than of yore, as she shopped and gossiped in the Ćaršija, or Turkish market of Sarajevo.

For Kemal was a rich man, keeping a fruit and vegetable store there, and often when she bought her cabbages and her leeks, he would surreptitiously slip into her basket a slice of that desirable sesame and honey sweetmeat, the sole comestible allowed by Mohammedan law on those frequent fasts ordained by the Prophet.

Most assuredly he was a great catch for one so poor as herself, with a widowed mother half-dependent upon her scanty earnings as an embroideress. Secretly she marvelled often that his choice should have fallen upon her, since, as she candidly acknowledged to herself, there were others better dowered, more beautiful, with even more luxuriant tresses than her own, and also, alas, more protuberant hips, who would have been glad enough of the honour.

But pride kept her silent on this absorbing side of the question, though on every other she chattered with the gaiety and ready wit that had made her one of the most popular figures in the Turkish quarter of the town. She had only to lift a latch and pop her head into any courtyard to be greeted with welcoming smiles and pressing invitations to enter.

"Here is Badema!" the women would exclaim. "Now we shall laugh and be merry."

Even the mournful, mummy-swaddled babies, rigorously denied the twisting of a toe or the lifting of a finger, responded, if somewhat feebly, to her cheery overtures. For Badema dearly loved a baby.

During the three days succeeding the marriage ceremony the bride sat in state upon her divan to receive the congratulations and gifts of her relatives and friends, and occupied the post of honour at the feast which wound up the proceedings. At its close came the crucial moment. A knock at the courtyard door announced the arrival of the bridegroom, who, having been formally introduced to his bride, carried her off, proud and fluttering to her future home.

At first all went well. Badema was more than satisfied with her new estate and her new rôle of wedded wife. When her husband gave a feast to his friends, she cooked it carefully and daintily, and then withdrew sedately to her own quarters. Later, however, when the revelry was in full swing, she would emerge on tiptoe, and peeping through the keyhole to take stock of the guests,

would decide emphatically that not for one of them would she exchange her beloved Kemal.

On his part, that favoured gentleman returned at the end of his day's work with happy expectancy to a home where comfort was supplemented by humour and sprightliness instead of the mere foolish chatter or childish complaints which were oftener the lot of husbands. Moreover his wife's figure speedily began to assume satisfactory proportions.

"Allah grant it may be a son!" she said one day.

"Of course it will, my beautiful one," he assured her. "I should beat you if you dared to give me a daughter for my firstborn."

"Then I should run away from you," she laughed.

"Not so, light of my eyes," he returned with easy confidence. "You would take your beating as deserved, and when I had forgiven you, you would do your duty and bear me a son."

But Badema tossed her shapely little head, from which she had removed the *tcharcha* which normally concealed her shining locks.

"You are mistaken, sun of my life," she retorted loftily, "I am not one to take beatings from any man."

He pinched her ear.

"We shall see, little moonbeam," he laughed.

And in due course Badema did see, only too clearly and bitterly. For when her time was come, though every *baba* in the neighbourhood flocked to her divan, not all their combined skill, nor all their traditional midwifery lore could aid her or force unwilling Nature to do her duty. After three days of unremitting efforts on their part, and equally unremitting torture for the patient, the oldest and wisest of them suddenly straightened herself and pronounced her fiat.

"We must call in a doctor," said she.

Horrified silence, followed by an indignant babel repudiating such an idea, met this unheard-of suggestion. But the ancient dame stood firm.

"It's that, or . . ." she made an expressive gesture.

Finally, after lengthy arguments and disputes, during which little pain-racked Badema lay neglected and forgotten, the fatal deed was decided upon. The doctor came, and by-and-by a tiny, dark scrap of humanity nestled in Badema's tired arms. But alas! it was female

humanity. To the young mother life suddenly became a cruel enigma. It was awful to have suffered like that, and then . . . But she was too exhausted for continuous thought.

That evening Kemal returned in haste from the Ćaršija, and running across the courtyard and up the stairs, stood upon the threshold of the room.

"My son?" he demanded eagerly.

"O Kemal," wailed the unhappy wife, "it's a daughter!"

He strode across to the divan.

"A daughter?" he echoed fiercely. "*A daughter?* You have dared to make my firstborn a *daughter?* You . . ." and there followed such a volley of oaths and abuse and dire curses that Badema, cowering beneath the bedclothes, covered her ears with her shaking hands, and only removed them when he had stormed himself out of the room and the house.

He did not return until the following night, when his rage and sense of injury, far from abating, had risen to white heat. Approaching the low divan, he administered a vicious kick to its occupant, then another, and yet others, until the girl-mother, still clinging to her baby, lay in a little huddled, half-senseless heap upon the floor. But the savagery of a Mohammedan husband, injured in his masculine dignity, was not yet appeased. Stooping and seizing his wife by the shoulders, he lifted her bodily, and, half carrying, half kicking her down the stairs and across the cobbled courtyard, he flung her out into the roadway.

"Be off!" he ordered brutally, "and know that you are no longer a wife of mine!"

Slowly and painfully she dragged herself to her feet, and crawled back to the home she had left so triumphantly less than a year ago, hugging her unwanted baby in arms almost too weak to support even its feeble weight. But in her soul she bore a still heavier burden, the shame of a repudiated and dishonoured wife.

The time that followed was direful indeed. For long months she was too weak and ill to work, and Kemal, still nursing his wrath, scornfully refused to pay the five dinars (about 4½d.) a day for the support of his child

incumbent upon him by Mohammedan law. Let her feel his vengeance for her unwifely conduct!

So one by one Badema's mother parted with her few household goods, carrying them down to the Ćaršija, where Kelim the green-turbanned one—for had he not made the Holy Pilgrimage?—wandered up and down the narrow cobbled alleys auctioning them. With her worn and anxious face hidden beneath her black veil, and her nervous old hands clasping and unclasping beneath her *zar,* the poor woman watched the interminable process, the slow creeping up *para* by *para,* and the final knocking down of some treasured shawl or scrap of carpet woven by her own hands and dear with the memories of lifelong possession. But the bitter loss had to be borne time after time, till the home became little more than four walls, since the scanty *dinars* thus acquired brought bread and potatoes and a modicum of milk for the baby, who, despite her early vicissitudes, throve amazingly.

With slowly-renewing bodily strength, Badema's spirit once more asserted itself, and no sooner was she able to walk unaided than she set off down the long slope of the mountain to the town below. Over the rough track she slowly picked her way, and once again had an eye for the beauty of her world, for the snow-capped heights above her and the dreaming purple haze of their flower-strewn lower slopes. And once again hope and determination brightened her eyes as she neared the workroom where she had formerly been employed.

"Why, Badema," she was greeted, "what has become of you all this time? And why have you never been to see us?"

Very briefly, and without any superfluous flourishes of either rhetoric or sentiment, Badema told her tale.

"And now," she finished, "I have come to borrow five dinars."

Inquiries as to the intended destination of this vast sum elicited the information.

"I am going to buy my divorce papers, and then I am going to force Kemal to pay the five dinars a day he owes me for the support of my baby. Oh, yes," in response to an expression of sympathy, "I loved him. But I am not one to allow any man to beat me. Once he said that I should come back when he chose to call, but," darkly, "he will see!"

"Perhaps you will find another husband, a better one than Kemal," suggested her employer, touched by the wan tiredness of the small face that had once been all gaiety and sparkle.

Sixteen-year-old Badema lifted the melting eyes that even in her unveiled youth had wrought havoc in more hearts than Kemal's, and regarded the speaker with the cold, dispassionate disillusion of sixty.

"I have done with men," she pronounced, and, armed with her fourpence halfpenny, set out to put this resolution into practice.

"When I have my divorce," she called back over her shoulder, "and got my five dinars a day from him, I shall come back to you for work."

Fortunately for the poor, divorce is a cheap and speedy proceeding, and true to her word, Badema shortly reappeared—the old, sprightly Badema of yore, only an added tang to her wit betraying the adversities through which she had passed. The disillusions of youth are apt to melt quickly in the sunshine of love and hope, and it was not long before Badema confessed to the indiscretion of a second husband.

"Oh, but he's a good one this time," she explained in deprecating confidence, "not like that Kemal, or other men. He is good and kind, you understand, and already he loves my little one. I shall give *him* a son, for, indeed, he deserves it."

"Well, I hope so, Badema, for your sake, but if not . . ."

"It will be so," she interrupted with unshaken faith. "Have I not prayed to your St. Anthony,* who loves a Turk as much as a Christian?"

And with this clinching argument she went her happy way.

To-day she walks the streets and climbs the steep slopes of Sarajevo with all her old buoyancy, proudly displaying an infant of the male sex. Sometimes she dandles him at her door at the hour when Kemal, returning from the Ćaršija, is wont to pass it.

"That other," she declares gleefully, not deigning to name him, "now he can see for himself!"

* Strangely enough the Turks in Sarajevo hold St. Anthony of Padua in great veneration, and are accustomed to pray at his Shrine in the Franciscan Monastery there.

Her Second

By Geoffrey Johnson

THE ghostly tumblings of the coals
In the bedroom,
Were they the stealthy steps of souls
Waked at midnight?

The doors ajar or clanging to,
Echo-haunted——
What face-procession glimmered through
To muse in firelight?

Ghosts? All her house had ever known
Gleamed there, gloomed there
In flames fantastically thrown
To the ceiling.

Tales of old women! Bah!——he turned,
Watching his wife there,
Sleeping and young and unconcerned
By him, her second.

Her bared rings were alive with flame;
Starry diamonds
Spoke the strange tongue without a name
Of her first love.

All that he mused on—eyes or hues,
Means to love's working,
Turned in a flash to avenues
Trodden before him.

The way his mouth had won to her mouth,
Body to body,
And soul to soul, through years of drouth,
Were a dead man's devices.

By terror's lure, the charm of risk,
He fancied himself
A ghostly wooer, a bridegroom brisk
In her dead lover's likeness.

Then she awoke in terror, too,
Clasped him for safety,
And the name she cried that thrilled him through
Was her first's uncannily.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Dublin Sweep

"This is a perishing country—this is," began Heddle.

"For the moment, yes," said Sergeant Murphy. "But wait till me Lord Beaverbrook and his braves have stump-peeded the counthry into swallowin' his panickseeah of Empire Free Thrade and then——"

"What's it all about, Sar'nt?" said Heddle impatiently. "I'm talking about Clynes stopping chaps from having a go at that Dublin Sweep on the Manchester November Handicap."

"Oh, that," replied the Sergeant. "Well, between ourselves, I'm not lettin' that worry me. The Law's the Law, and the chap that wants to kick agen it ought to clear out and join the other grousin' refugees at San Raffle. Besides, me own ticket is already bought and paid for, though not without a sthruggle between me avarice and me common sense."

"That's all fine and large for you, but what about the rest of us? Clynes has no right to stop me spending my own money the way I want to."

"Your own money, indeed?" was the reply. "Do you know that undher a Socialist Government that clung tight to the pious memory of Karl Marx you wouldn't have anny money at all. Nor anny property. I'll go a step further and say you wouldn't have anny rights.

"All the same, in this case I give Misther Clynes the benefit of the doubt. I think meself he did his best. Here's how I see the situation annyhow.

"Early this year an English-speakin' envoy from the Irish Free State, probably be the name of O'Flaherty, came sauntherin' into the Home Office at Whitehall.

"'Good morrah to you, Misther Clynes,' says he. 'And isn't it well you're lookin' with all the worry on your mind over them unsolved murdher mystheries that the London papers keep throwin' in your face?'

"'I wasn't thinkin' of murdher,' says Misther Clynes. 'At least not until you arrived.'

"'More power to you,' says O'Flaherty. 'And now I'll come to business and the meanin' of me friendly call.

"'I'm the envoy exthraordinary of a racin' sweep that's bein' got up be me fellah counthrymen on behalf

of hospitals, and we want our friends on this side to share in the benefits—if anny. Out of compliment to the Sisther Isle we've chosen the Manchesther November Handicap as the race for the sweep, and we're hopin' to have a hearty response from this side of the Channel. Come wan, come all. We give you a run.

"'Now we know that, barrin' at racecourses, dog-meetin's, with credit bookmakers, with the Tote, on the Stock Exchange, in clubs and in private houses, gamblin' is revoltin' to the conscience of an Englishman. And it 'ud be a blow to us if the law stood up on its hind legs and put a spoke in the wheel of this sweep. So I'm askin' you, on behalf of me fellah-conspirators, not to let them busybodies of your Department intherrupt the sthream of postal ordhers that's sure to cross the Channel.'

"'Me dear fellah,' says Misther Clynes, 'I'd as soon think of lettin' the Department intherfere with Postman's Knock at Christmas parties. So be off with you back to Dublin and tell them they can go right ahead.'

"'What about the national conscience?' asks O'Flaherty.

"'National conscience me eyeball,' says Misther Clynes. 'Don't take the wrong hat as you go out.'

"But as soon as the sweep got goin' and was advertised, and money began to sthream across to Ireland, the thin small voice of the national conscience was heard yellin' like blazes agen the iniquity, and Misther Clynes' office was soon chest-deep in written protests.

"He stalled them off in the usual departmental way with palaver until the time was nearly come for closin' the enthries for the sweep. Then he stepped in dhramatically and stopped anny more letthers from bein' forwarded. He kept his word to O'Flaherty, but at some cost to himself."

"How do you mean?" asked Heddle.

"He'll know as soon as Misther Snowden has a word with him. Divil a finger can the Chancellor lay on a penny that's gone to Ireland, and him wantin' tens of millions for luxury education and other fancy exthravagances. Don't be surprised when you read that at the next Cabinet meetin' two ministhers had to be dhragged apart."

Plays with Ideas

By Horace Shipp

The Playboy of the Western World. By J. M. Synge. (Criterion.)
Machines. By Reginald Berkeley. (Arts Theatre.)

THE first fine careless rapture of the autumn theatre has given place to a comparatively dull period. The best things of that promising start have settled down to steady success, but of new work we have a succession of comedy and crime which, however important it is to the entertainment business, has no concern with the drama as such. As I write we await the production of the great Indian classic, *The Toy Cart,* at the Hammersmith Lyric, and also the super-production of Cochran's new show *Ever Green,* which will at least have to do with the best in the spectacular theatre. More subscription theatres are on their way: the Faculty of Arts are opening their new theatre at Piccadilly with Strindberg's *Lady Julie;* and the enormously successful scheme for the People's Theatre which Nancy Price and Mr. Grein have inaugurated is to start with *The Man from Blankley's*—a disappointing choice to many of us who do not feel enthusiastic about a policy of the utmost for the mediocre. One hopes they will, with their 20,000 membership, risk drama more worth while and will trust their audiences more than this.

Meantime we sustain ourselves upon a revival of a play which remains the most fascinating and the most Irish of Irish classics. *The Playboy of the Western World* is, of its kind, perfect. We do not often get the opportunity of seeing it here, and the production at the Criterion is a delight to playgoers. The comedy comes direct from the study of character and succeeds in being poetry as well as fun, and human as well as comic. The rhythm of the language delights the ear as surely as the conception of the play delights the mind. It does not seem possible that we can ever tire of these characters, and to see the Playboy is to see the quintessence of Irish drama.

The other outstanding good thing of the month has been the offering of The Arts Theatre which can already

claim so well to have fed the West End stage. Mr. Reginald Berkeley's play, *Machines,* is that rare and refreshing theatrical fruit, a play with ideas. Indeed, its trouble unquestionably is that it becomes a play with far too many ideas—enough to make several plays, and some of them rather getting in the way of others. It claims to be modern, and owes a little to Mr. C. K. Munro's technique, for it runs to ten scenes and shows a great deal of the inner workings of modern life. Those of us who retain our childish delight in "seeing the wheels go round" thrill at the glimpse which such authors give us of the moving cogs of the machine called civilization. The picture of the editorial room and of the "Chief's" office of a newspaper in Fleet Street would alone make this play worth while. But the comprehensiveness of its theme does that; and if its parts are more disputable than the whole, the criticism nevertheless takes very little away from an important play.

The author has raised in it the essentially modern problem of the control of industry. A few years ago the movement of Guild Socialism as opposed to State Socialism raised its head in the realm of political philosophy. In its aspect of Syndicalism it shared honours for a time with the Red Peril as the bogeyman of the established order; I cannot trace the reason for its decline, for one would have thought that in an essentially industrial civilization such as ours a method of social evolution, or revolution even, concerned first of all with the reorganization of industry rather than with any reshuffling of parliamentary government would have a chance of establishing itself as a kind of opposition. Mr. Berkeley's play, on its social side, takes its stand here. His hero, Mansell, with a vision of modern life which would give capital and labour joint control of industry, forms a Workers' Fellowship; and one of the plays which is contained in the wide framework of this drama deals with the rise and defeat of that movement. Another is that which Mr. Granville Barker once gave us in *Waste,* and which Parnell gave us in life: the ruin of a public man and all his work by a scandal in his private affairs. Yet another is a philosophic working out of the whole drama of the individual who has the temerity to chal-

lenge the institutions of modern society: a theme which is Mr. Galsworthy's preserve, but which Mr. Berkeley deals with here by extending his focus from machines actual to the symbolic machines of the law, the Press, the church, and industry itself. It will be realized that here is good measure well pressed down.

The author was happier in his social writing than in his romance. One finds it a little incredible that the rich woman, daughter of his capitalist enemy, should fall in love with the hero, finance his work with her fortune and give herself to him without inquiring whether he had a wife, without telling her father that she was helping, and —in these days of gossip-column writers—without being discovered. Unfortunately the whole framework of the play depends upon these incredible assertions, and that is a fundamental weakness. That he should, at the moment of his defeat, regard her with sudden malignancy and in his temporary madness murder her, is theatrically credible, but quite unnecessary; the dramatist would have served his theme better by bringing down his final curtain on her leaving him after his henchmen had already deserted and his work been destroyed. The final scene of his sentence to death was grossly wrong. One hopes that before we see Mr. Berkeley's play on the West End stage, where it should certainly find its place, he will revise this ending.

The piece was splendidly cast, acted and produced. Edmund Willard as Mansell and George Zucco as his antagonist, with George Carr playing marvellously in a small part as a workman and Roland Culver as an editor, lead the team from the men's side. Marie Ney, as the woman in the case, was not well served by the author.

This type of play is essentially the work which a subscription theatre should give us. A guaranteed membership and the assistance of subscriptions releases it from the worst pressure of the commercial theatre, and it can experiment with a piece which may find wider favour. With a play such as *Machines* there is no question of censorship, but only the limitation of intelligent appeal; and when it has thus been tried out successfully, the way is more clear for its launching to a wider public.

Empire Economics

EMPIRE AND PROSPERITY. By the RT. HON. L. S. AMERY, M.P. Criterion Miscellany, No. 23. Faber & Faber. 1s.

THE general reader should welcome this compact and authoritative statement on Empire trade, which is the latest addition to the brilliantly edited Criterion miscellany.

Mr. Amery brings to his subject the convictions and enthusiasm which have stirred him from his earliest days in politics, for readers of Mr. Gooch's life of his first chief, Lord Courtney, can see that " the brilliant young man from Oxford " was even then a whole-hearted exponent of Protection and Imperial unity.

The dual subject of the book, domestic protection for the United Kingdom, coupled with reciprocal Empire preference, can be comprehended only in an historical setting. Discussion of its merits or demerits should begin, not with the repeal of the Corn Laws, but with the old Colonial System, which Mr. Amery considers was in its time not merely the appropriate policy for this country and its colonies, but a triumphant vindication of its own underlying principles. The reaction to *laissez-faire* was so complete that controversialists to-day suffer from an amnesia which renders anything that happened under the earlier system a blank. But to Mr. Amery, reviewing his subject over three centuries and not just one, *laissez-faire* and Free Trade are unfortunate episodes, not universal principles. Free Trade has failed. " It is not a mere question of adjustments to a policy ideally desirable, if circumstances were only a little different to what they are. It is a case of reversing a policy which always was wrong, fundamentally wrong as a matter of morals and statecraft, however plausible on the surface . . . . "

The central section of the book sets out a practical policy for to-day, while the concluding portion answers some contrary arguments. The exposition is a miracle of succinctness, including such secondary matters as the future of most-favoured-nation treaties and of trustee status for Dominions loans, an Empire currency and the development of Imperial transport.

The rate of duty suggested on foreign manufactures imported into this country is 33⅓ per cent., with a lower scale on semi-manufactures, and the customary rate of preference to the Dominions. The reviewer is disposed to doubt whether the theoretical justification upon which the rate is here based—namely, the ratio of taxation in this country to the value of the product of industry—is satisfactory, for taxation does not enter directly into prices and although industry would benefit from lower taxation, we cannot assume that costs in this country are higher than costs abroad by the amount of our taxation spread over our output.

" Empire and Prosperity " is the most readable and valuable contribution to the literature of Empire and Protection that has appeared for a long while.

Books

EDUCATION

DAY SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND. By RONALD GURNER. Dent. 3s. 6d.

THE author writes with an "experience as headmaster, for six happy years, of a secondary school in London" and he puts forward an effective plea for the recognition of the day school as doing work no less valuable than that of the public schools and in some ways having an advantage over them. The day boy is now taught as well as the boarder in a famous school with traditions and has given solid proof of his education in the Home and Indian Civil Service Examinations. In London he loses something by the difficulties attached to playing grounds and the not wholly desirable distractions within his reach, but he has a chance of acquiring knowledge of life which the boarder in the country can hardly pick up, and he is thus likely to be more apt at taking to business. Also he has readily at hand all the splendid instruments of culture in the wide sense which a great city affords. On the other hand, he may be less fitted to maintain those standards of a liberal and moral sort which should protect him against materialism and Philistinism. He has lived his young days in the busy world, and, if he has greater sympathy with the working classes, he can see readily what that world tolerates to win success.

Mr. Gurner states frankly his opinion that "the day school at its best is . . . as fine an instrument for education in its deepest and truest sense as any boarding school that England has ever known" and discusses carefully the various points which any wise parent will investigate. Financial aid from the State or the local education authority means the acceptance of ex-elementary free-place scholars and outside administrators and officials. A definite understanding must be reached in day schools about the duties of the parent. The preparation of work at home is an important point, where control is obviously necessary, and the school spirit which makes its claims paramount is essential. Mr. Gurner tells us that it can be achieved, if the day school is worthy. School societies devoted to various subjects from chess to geography flourish and difficulties which in theory seem formidable tend in practice to disappear. The day boy values the games he gets and is not likely to be sickened by too much of them.

And what of the liberty of the school threatened by too much officialdom? Mr. Gurner admits danger from too much interference here, but he is right in recognising that the inspector of to-day is broad-minded and sympathetic and widely welcomed by all sorts of schools. The objections to the admission of ex-elementary school boys are fairly recognised, but it is stated that

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and

A HISTORY OF SPANISH CIVILISATION
By RAFAEL ALTAMIRA. Translated by P. Volkov. Edited with an Introduction by J. B. TREND. *Illustrated.* 21s. *net*

THE TWELVE-WINDED SKY
Essays by E. L. WOODWARD, author of "Three Studies in European Conservatism." 10s. *net*

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in practice they do not impair the tone or standing of the schools which admit them. "Faith on the part of parents and public, of the staff, of the boys themselves" is what Mr. Gurner requires, and faith is particularly needed in an age which dotes on scandal and sensation. This candid and careful survey deserves much more attention as the work of a reasonable and well-instructed commentator. V. R.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS

MY EARLY LIFE. A ROVING COMMISSION. By THE RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, C.H., M.P. Thornton Butterworth. 21s.

IT is more than twenty years since Mr. Churchill made his reputation as an author with the general public by his biography of his father. Now he is recognised as one of the best writing hands we have. This book is admirably vivid and none the worse for being devoid of the rhetoric which adorned his last volume. It is the story of an adventurous career. Young Mr. Churchill always had to seek and make chances, though he started with some advantage belonging to the family name. At school, he did not find himself, but since school authorities

are always being accused by a Press ready to denounce education, it is as well to add that Mr. Weldon at Harrow saw future eminence in a boy for the most part lacking achievement. Further, in the lowest form, a schoolmaster interested Mr. Churchill in English, laying invaluable foundations to good purpose. While others went to higher forms for Greek and Latin, Mr. Churchill got into his bones the essential structure of the English sentence. He also found time to push the very clever boy who became Mr. Amery into the school bath. It was shocking treatment of a distinguished elder, but his ready tongue saved him.

At Sandhurst he started already as a reformer and speaker for an Entertainments Protection League, but expecting a meeting in London, only discovered the Founder, who had not attracted any of "the trivial-minded passers-by." He makes a strong appeal to youth to wake up :—

> Come on now, all you young men, all over the world. You are needed more than ever now to fill the gap of a generation shorn by the War. You have not an hour to lose. You must take your places in life's fighting line. Twenty to twenty-five! These are the years . . .

Certainly Mr. Churchill made the most of his time at that period. In the Boer War he had many adventures and gained a good deal of notoriety. Generals did not altogether approve of him. However, he gained from Buller the privilege, contrary to War Office rules, of being at once a newspaper correspondent and the holder of an army commission He makes a very sensible suggestion about commanders too old to possess full mental and physical vigour. In peace time a few naval and military officers under forty should be specially trained and tested, given opportunity to take important decisions, and brought into the Council of Defence.

The idea is not novel, but it is welcome. Everyone knows what the country suffered in the War from generals impervious to new ideas. On the other hand, Mr. Churchill now sees that Lord Salisbury, the great leader of the Conservative Party, was right in going slow and gathering together the growing strength of the Empire. He sees also his father in a somewhat different light from the days when he wrote his biography. Quiet times were required and Lord Randolph was "the daring pilot in extremity."

For those who do not care for such wisdom there are several amusing stories, a neat interchange of letters with the other Mr. Winston Churchill and the sensations of a cavalry charge at Omdurman brilliantly described.

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STAR-DUST IN HOLLYWOOD. By JAN AND CORA GORDON. Illustrated by the Authors. Harrop. 12s. 6d.

BOTH Los Angeles and Hollywood are well hit off by the authors. They have a way of going much deeper into the manners and customs they investigate than the usual traveller and they commend themselves by hands expert in the use, not only of brush and pen, but also of various musical instruments. The studios of Hollywood are carefully guarded against the crowds always seeking to get in and they found some difficulty in winning permission to sketch scenery and the expedients used to create illusion. The public—The Oskosh flapper is the model "film fan"—might be shocked by noticing all the faking that goes on.

Hollywood, as might be expected, is no place for the serious artist. The authors, who figured under the glaring cameras as "talent specials" for ten minutes, make us realize all the elaborate manœuvres of cutting, rejecting and fitting together which have to take place before a film reaches the requisite rhythm, but the result is seldom art. The fuss before the front page of a newspaper is settled is nothing to the waste of time, energy and money that is due to the contesting powers of the director, anxious to make a coherent picture, and the star, anxious to get most of the opportunities and repeat the rôle that has made him or her famous. The topmost stars manage their own shows; others have to submit to, or quarrel with, the director; and when they begin to fade out of popularity, figure in cheap, commercialized films worked off at cut-price contracts, called "quickies."

It is all a world of big money, strenuous pushing and advertising which the performers have to do somehow in their daily lives outside the studios, indulging in bath-room fittings of solid gold, freak-parties and other stupid incitements to publicity. There is, however, a "Purity Clause" in contracts and a Black List which can retire even a Valentino for six months. A well-known critic of the films remarks that to-day there are not enough authors to meet the demand. But what author could stand the indignity of his position? He may be kept on the spot for six months and get none of his work accepted. If taken, it is mangled. As for the expert, he is called in and perpetually over-ruled, a mute prisoner, while some mediæval scene is Americanized. Everybody, we gather, was anxious to explain what was wrong with the "movies," and their failure to draw was evident when the "talkies" arrived to reduce it.

Another aspect of showmanship, with all the American vulgarity and incredible cheapness of effect, was investigated in the garish temple of Aimee Macpherson. It is a wonder that

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she can keep her position after the exposures of the outspoken Press; but money talks too.

Later, Mr. Gordon assisted in a Paris film run by Menjou and is amusingly frank about his appearance. The whole book is delightful as well as justly critical. But what can criticism do against popular frenzy? Greta Garbo receives some 90,000 letters a month, 80 per cent. of which are from women.

IDLE BUT HAPPY. By VERE KER-SEYMER. Chapman and Hall. 18s.

THESE amusing reminiscences are full of the adventure and gaiety of the past. The author begins with an education which can seldom have been equalled in its variety. The well-known private school of Cheam and Winchester were supplemented by the austerities of a Dominican school at Arcachon (which did much to establish sound health) and a school strong in modern subjects at Frankfort. In this last German establishment he did

> seven hours' work before the midday meal, or more than a full day's work in any public school in this country.

Residence in Antwerp, devoted to the mysteries of finance, followed, and the writer, meant for the diplomatic service, had suddenly to turn to work after a collapse of the family fortunes. He was sent to the Argentine with £50, which he lost at poker before his ship reached Lisbon.

Here, at page 60, his record of work ends and he begins a candid and vivacious account of sport and the Bohemian world of fashion. Early motoring, which began, we think, with motor-boats on the Seine; the pioneers of flying, neglected, as usual, by a parsimonious government; and Paris as the city of amusement, are all brightly treated, and a rare copy of the Anglo-Portuguese conversation book current some years ago under the title "English as she is Spoke," revives our memory of many

comic phrases like " It wants to speak of a rope in the house of a hanged." The restaurant habit is traced to the opening of the Savoy in 1889, and naturally the author does not approve of a democracy which has put taste and distinction out of fashion. But with a long experience of the best Rugby football we must contradict his view that the crowd attending it is not expert. It behaves, too, much better than the tourists with more money who have vulgarized so many places worth seeing.

NOVELS

A Woman with White Eyes. By Mary Borden. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

This is a poignant book by a writer of real power, in which the events of life appear as a strange business of things not apprehended at the time or even later. This is understandable, but it is irritating to find the story told with such a lack of consecutiveness. The first 50 pages are quite obscure until they are gradually cleared up by the subsequent narrative. An arrangement like this may be veracious, but we hope it will not become fashionable, as it is a strain on the reader's patience.

The story is told by an American woman of sixty who is at a loose end, with money, indeed, to live on, but nowhere in particular to go and nothing to do. She is the " woman with white eyes " because she is blind to her emotional experiences. Her lovers of the past mean little to her and she gets only a word or two from the strange, wandering Finn Tawaska, a sort of saint of mental research. He somehow belongs to her, though he does not want her company. Her own life she sees in retrospect less clearly than that of her friend Maggie, who is not beautiful, but amazingly alive, loyal and passionate. She and Maggie are friends and neighbours for much of their time in England and Maggie holds her sensual husband with wonderful courage and resource. Rudeness, ridicule, impudence, indifference—she uses them all with success till she is beaten at last, and even then she might have called her man back, for he loved her, seeing her dead. The moral of the story is that they were " driven by a strong and ugly power to do things to each other and to themselves that they did not want to do." Maggie, in spite of her limitations, is splendid and commanding among a crowd of vivid characters, who move in an ill apprehended phantasmagoria. Tawaska, we gather, knew more about the control of life, but he was always elusive, appearing and disappearing.

The Governor of Kattowitz. By Graham Seton. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

The author has written an exciting story of intrigue centred round Silesia, where Poles and Germans are opposed, with British

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and French commissions looking on, each party striving to make the most out of the doubtful Treaty of Versailles. Patriotism and money-making both influence the secret negotiations and schemes underlying the bargain for territory. Love, too, intervenes with wide influence. A Polish girl of superior education is desired by more than one lover and her final choice is unexpected, though it illustrates the doctrine that women are fond of a reformed rake. The attractive hero of the story, beginning as the agent of a German secret society, plays a hazardous and self-sacrificing part in the best spirit of romance. Indeed, the author endows his characters with the generosity and boldness which above all make a popular appeal, and he holds no brief for any particular side. He shows us Jews of two sorts ; the selfish, cowardly intriguer and the self-respecting upholder of the best traditions. There are two ingenious novelties among the exciting incidents.

The writing is vivid but a little careless here and there. The jocose Americanism "Britisher" should not be used in a passage concerning the merits of the national character.

THE MURDER AT THE VICARAGE. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. Collins. 7s. 6d.

THE author is equal in invention and analysis to any of the writers of detective fiction, and she has the advantage of an easy and effective sense of humour. Thus, while she is developing the gossip of a village which includes preying spinsters as well as bright young things of the modern sort, we do not feel the delay of the murder, which does not appear till p. 41. Col. Protheroe, the victim, was a disagreeable, opinionated boor, generally disliked and unhappy in his marriage. Several people had reason to get rid of him.

Later, a double confession seems to the police inspector to make "everything plain sailing," but he is floored by the

doctor's evidence. He has to start again, being materially assisted by the clever and inquisitive Miss Marple, an old cat who misses nothing. Two mysterious telephone calls are evidently important but untraced. A number of queer things come out which increase the mystery, and we congratulate the author on the ingenuity of her solution, which will be a surprise to most readers.

LACEMAKER LEKHOLM HAS AN IDEA. By GUSTAF HELLSTRÖM. Translated by F. H. Lyon. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

THE Swedish novelist has essayed, in 400 pages, to tell the history, from 1850 till to-day, of a large family, whose pedigree is duly provided. The dust-wrapper mentions "The Forsyte Saga," but few are likely to feel that they meet anybody in this book half as well-worth knowing as Soames or his selfish daughter. Some few, indeed, may perhaps, before the end, sympathize with one of the wives in the family, who "was sick to death of the Lekholms and all their ways." Yet, though the hard-drinking musician may become rather monotonous, they may be entertained by such a character as the grandson who invented the collar-stud that will not roll under the furniture and the cork-drawer that never fails. The most vivid characters are the aunt who hates her brother passionately, and goes mad at a wedding, and the grandfather whose hundredth birthday is celebrated in the closing pages. Some comedy of a familiar type is supplied by the wife who locks out her tipsy husband, though the result is not funny for her. Possibly the most impressive pages in a really clever novel describe the meeting, after twenty years' separation, of a once deeply offended father and a repentant son.

THE VIRGIN AND THE GIPSY. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Secker, 6s.

D. H. LAWRENCE'S posthumous novel is as characteristic of his powers as the title is of his themes. It has that amazing clarity of idea and expression which we associate with his work; that passion in its writing which no other author of his day possesses; that clean animalism in dealing with sex which gives no intellectual gloss to passion. The work is technically a "short story" in its concern with one episode carried to a dramatic climax. As is usual with the later writing of Lawrence, it is stronger in its hatred than in its enthusiasm, and the picture of the old woman, who ruled the smug, clerical home of the heroine is etched in acid. Again and again he scores with his mastery of telling phrase, so often caught up from that kingdom of zoology which he has made particularly his own. "The young ones sat like a shoal of young fishes dumbly

F. J. WARD

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mouthing at the surface of the water, while Granny went on about Lady Louth"; the metaphor is inevitable. It is that sense of words which makes Lawrence such an artist, and he can keep it up without apparent effort through the whole book.

TRAVEL AND SCIENCE

THE ISLAND BUILDERS OF THE PACIFIC. By WALTER G. IVENS. With illustrations and maps. Seeley Service. 21s.

MR. IVENS is a Research Fellow of the University of Melbourne and he has used his opportunities of observation in the Solomon Islands to good purpose. He has a good hold of the language of the people he studied on the island of Mala and gives us a mass of interesting detail about them with a certain amount of repetition. An Englishman whose account he used had lived before him in one of the artificial islands which are the most curious feature of this Melanesian culture. A raft is taken out with stones to form the substratum of the island and it is built up with piles and sand until it is solid enough to contain several buildings and to grow trees. The women in residence are carefully separated from the men. The origin of these strange islands remains obscure, but the author's suggestion that they depend on the importance of the fishing seems more reasonable than those hitherto put forward.

The general standard of sexual morality among the Mala people is some way above that current in Christian Europe. The boys and young girls mingle freely without any suspicion of licentious behaviour. Marriage is a matter of bride-price and children are more commonly spoilt than ill-treated. A father can in some cases keep his daughter unmarried and she works for him instead of a husband and all men respect her virginity.

Until the introduction of firearms, the people seem to have been an orderly and kindly race, and their ancestor-worship has

been misrepresented by the ignorant as "debbil-debbil." The differences between the hill folk and the shore people are curiously interesting.

As usual in these regions, the problems of immigration at some period of pre-history are fascinating. Relying on folklore and a wide range of knowledge, Mr. Ivens decides that the patrilineal system was imposed by a people of higher culture on an earlier matrilineal rule; that Sina Kwao, a red-headed hero of the legendary past who allowed no one to see his hair, came from Indonesia; and that the taro, *Colocasia*, whose rhizomes are now the main source of food, was introduced, like other edible plants. Mr. Ivens also regards the present arts and crafts of the Mala man as beyond a people with no inventive powers and so acquired from abroad.

The whole book with its illustrations and its painstaking detail should be invaluable to students and attractive to all students of anthropology.

IN THE HEART OF THE NORTHERN FORESTS. By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE. Chatto & Windus. 21s.

IN this interesting book Mr. Dugmore writes with authority on the habits of wild animals, a study to which he has devoted over thirty years of his life. An enthusiastic field-naturalist, he has been one of the chief pioneers in the difficult art of photographing the fauna of many countries under their natural conditions, and the result, as recorded in his previous works, has been a valuable addition to our knowledge in this field. His delightful pictures, ranging from the Canadian Rockies to Newfoundland, are, indeed, the main feature of the present book, but the simply-written narrative is itself full of new and interesting facts. He has watched those wonderful little engineers the beavers at work, and has much to tell us of the remarkable foresight with which they avoid the difficulties and dangers that Nature throws in their way. With unerring instinct they postpone, until the last moment before the winter frosts set in, the plastering of their lodges with mud, which then freezes solid and offers an impenetrable surface to the claws of their enemies; while the only entrances to their homes are placed so far below the water level that they are never blocked with ice even in the coldest seasons. As an example of their timber-felling skill, the author mentions a tree of over eighteen inches in diameter which was cut down by them, and incidentally he explodes the old suggestion that beaver-dams are invariably built with the curve upstream.

The ways of moose, grizzlies, mule deer, mountain goats, and the Big Horn (or wild sheep) of the Rocky Mountains

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AN Exhibition of Etchings, Colour Prints and New Books on the Fine and Applied Arts, Collecting, etc., will be on view in the Foyle Art Gallery from December 8th to December 24th. Those who find it difficult to solve the "present" problem are invited to visit this Exhibition for suggestions. If unable to pay a visit, send for Foyles Illustrated Catalogue of Colour Prints, Etchings and Engravings, which gives particulars of beautiful colour reproductions of old and modern Masters, Sporting Prints, Seascapes, Gardens, Schools, Dog Studies, Etchings and Mezzotints. A copy will be sent gratis, on application for Cat. 293P. Foyles Art Dept. has in stock 50,000 books on Fine and Applied Art. The Catalogue of this Department will also be sent gratis on application.

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occupy further chapters, and it was while waiting in a brushwood "blind" to photograph some specimens of the last-named that the author shared his lunch with a marmot—that curious little creature who has constituted himself the sentinel of the wilds, and with his shrill whistle warns all his neighbours of the approach of danger. The patience needed in obtaining pictures of wild animals, the difficulties and discomforts, become clear in the course of the narrative. The author, after waiting for nearly an hour to photograph a bull moose, found his skin actually frozen to the metal, and during the painful process of detachment lost his chance of a picture after all!

In the latter pages the habits of the Newfoundland Caribou (now, alas, almost extinct) and the problem of their annual migration between the north and south portions of the island are discussed. This has never been satisfactorily explained, but the fact that in places their hoofs have worn down the solid rock for a foot or more proves it to have been an immemorial custom. It is curious, by the way, that while the reindeer of northern Europe has long been domesticated by man, the caribou, its equivalent in the new world, has never submitted to his yoke, and does not survive for more than a year or so in captivity.

The last two chapters are devoted to the porcupine and the opossum, and the author's adventures in search of the former animal are humorously described. Having rather rashly undertaken to illustrate a story about porcupines, he discovered that the job was no easy one. For these creatures, if liberally supplied by nature with quills, are equally generous in parting with them for the benefit of others. Moreover, even when caught, they seem to shun the publicity of the camera; and the first specimen arrived on the scene chosen for the picture in a condition of almost complete nudity, the bulk of his

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overcoat remaining either in the sides of the sack in which he had travelled or in the bodies of his captors. It is to the author's credit that ultimately he succeeded in his awkward task. One of the photographs is included in this book.

THE HEAVENS AND THE UNIVERSE. By OSWALD THOMAS. Translated by Bernard Miall. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

THOUGH many popular books on this subject have appeared in recent years, the advance in astronomical knowledge is so rapid that a new one is always welcome. And Professor Thomas is well qualified for his task, since he has a direct and simple style and possesses the happy knack of making complicated things clear and interesting to the general reader; while Mr. Miall deserves praise for his really excellent translation.

In his introductory chapters the author deals with the Solar System, and discusses among other things the so-called "canals" of Mars—now generally held to have no real existence—and the habitability of that and other planets, his conclusion being that the existence of life in other worlds is possible, though not proven. By means of ingeniously devised scales he then brings home to readers the colossal size and incredible remoteness of the stars.

Though they do not vary very greatly in mass, our sun being a fairly average example, in their other physical qualities they offer some startling contrasts. The "dwarf" companion of Sirius, for instance, has the amazing density of 53,000 times that of water, while Betelgeuse, the "giant" red star in Orion, is so inconceivably tenuous that its specific gravity is no greater than that of a good vacuum in our laboratories. But, to make up for it, this glowing mass of vapour has a diameter of 235 million miles; in other words, its radius is considerably greater than that of the earth's orbit round the sun.

The distances of the stars from the earth also vary enormously, but all are of such an order that the astronomer's unit, the "light-year"—a trifling matter of six and a quarter billion miles—is needed for their measurement. While the sun's radiation takes only *eight minutes* on its journey to the earth, the light of the nearest star takes *four*, and that of the nebula in Andromeda a *million* "*light-years*" to bridge the intervening gulf of space.

One of the most fascinating problems of astronomy is that of the "Cepheid variables"—stars which wax and wane in brilliancy according to a perfectly regular law. There are enormous numbers of these odd bodies, and each one has its own "period"; and, the longer that period is, the greater is the amount of light emitted by the

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star. This relationship is now so well understood that, once the period of a given "Cepheid" has been determined, its *actual* brightness is also known; and a comparison of this with the *apparent* brightness on earth enables the astronomer to calculate the star's distance. So, while the cause of this variable luminosity is still an enigma, each of these curious "pulsating" stars may be said to signal to us its position in space.

For a host of other interesting matters, including the puzzle of the "Novæ"—those strange new stars which suddenly blaze forth in an empty part of the sky—and the all-important part played by the spectroscope, we must refer the reader to the book itself. "I do not know," wrote Sir Isaac Newton, "what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." These words of a great man are, as the author says, still true to-day.

ENGLISH CLASSICS

THE TWO CARLYLES. By OSBERT BURDETT. Faber and Faber. 15s.

THAT this book is necessary does not appear to us an evident truth. Mr. Norwood dealt faithfully with Carlyle in 1927. But, after all, the subject is Carlyle and his wife, and Mr. Burdett writes very well and seems to us to reach sound conclusions. He is not concerned with Froude's critics or Froude, but with the marriage, which he sees as peculiar in the sense that the marriage of many artists and authors is so. Here is, according to Mr. Burdett, "the priceless picture of a common truth." We cannot admit as much as that, since Carlyle and his wife were both exceptional people. They exacerbated a situation which may be commoner than we know. The sage with his stubborn egoism (which is fully admitted here) and the lady with her gift for acid comment and effective letter-writing were bound for trouble, but at least they kept together. Froude's work is a fine piece of living portraiture by a writer who was equally attached to both parties. Froude was attacked by the family or by disciples who could see no wrong in the prophet. Time has reduced Carlyle's claims, both as prophet and historian, and his writing does not do justice to his humour and gaiety. His conceit appears very disagreeably in his patronage of men quite as good as himself, or better. Mr. Burdett has an excellent passage on the precarious and underpaid work of the literary reviewer. What remedy is there for it?

> There is none, except that recommended by Carlyle, to follow the example of Germany and endow a number of posts that could be offered without disgrace to our younger men of letters.

Unfortunately, however, promising writers often make bad journalists. Mary Webb's criticism was by no means equal to her novels. Carlyle got into letters through the drudging work of translation. He came to his Jane suffering from inhibitions he never conquered, and she knew very well what she was doing when she married him. Mr. Burdett writes :—

> We cease to be greatly irritated at his perpetual croaking when we remember that the world could not but be mirrored for him in his own spleen.

Could he not then have held his tongue and swallowed his own smoke? He behaved very well over the loss of his MS. of the French Revolution, but lesser troubles were too much for him. Whether his writings can ever return to favour seems doubtful, and many an apt verdict in this book shows where he failed. He was a strayed Puritan, and his remorseful and agonized renunciation of creeds no longer credible seems hardly real to-day.

EVERYBODY'S BOSWELL. Illustrated by E. H. SHEPARD. Bell. 10s. 6d.

THIS single volume abridgement, which includes matter from Boswell's "Tour of the Hebrides," a book as good as the biography, is decidedly attractive. The "Introductory Note" is excellent in its recognition of Johnson's character, that unique personality which made him the leader in any company. The short account of "Principal Characters" is a very sensible idea. Mr. Shepard's illustrations are always spirited and he has caught the sage happily in many of the scenes of gaiety and seriousness which Boswell so candidly set down.

POETRY

THE WANDERER. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

The tradition of English poetry and the tradition of English life link us with the sea. There is a certain fitness therefore in this first work published by the Poet Laureate since his appointment being concerned with the sea and ships. His prose epic of the four-masted sailing vessel, "The Wanderer," who "set her beauty in men's minds long after her bones are in the quicksand," makes the boat live for us as it did for him. "Of all the ships of that time," he writes, "she moves me the most, as the strongest, the loveliest, and the one I am gladdest to have seen."

His book recreates her. Its method of unvarnished prose fact set over against poetic narrative, and ended by a group of lyric poems and a Masque of Liverpool, is peculiarly his own; that admixture of realism and lyric beauty which we associate with his name. If we have an objection, it is that he has told the facts so exactly, given measurements and details so painstakingly, that we tend to grow impatient before he reveals to us

the underlying loveliness and the imaginative quality of this epic of the sea. We would have had more poetry and less prose. The actual poetry is at moments as noble as anything we have in the language, and alike in subject and in expression justifies the laureateship.

SELECTED POEMS. By MAURICE BARING. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
POEMS NEW AND OLD. By R. H. MOTTRAM. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.
THE SIGNATURE OF PAIN. By ALAN PORTER. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s.
THE ARMED MUSE. By HERBERT E. PALMER. The Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

OF the four volumes of poetry in hand, those of the poets pure and simple stand splendidly apart. Both in the case of Mr. Mottram and of Mr. Maurice Baring, one has the feeling that poetry is not essentially the writer's medium. On the other hand, it is difficult to imagine either Mr. Porter or Mr. Palmer writing prose. The fact that they do does not alter the argument whilst we are reading these books.

Mr. Maurice Baring has, in this volume, that urbane quality which we connect with all his work. One would almost say that the difficulty with his writing is that he never makes an error. The result too often is one of icy regularity and splendid nullity. Nevertheless, one is aware that Mr. Baring has his own large public, both as poet and prose writer; and they will doubtless welcome this careful selection of his work.

Mr. Mottram's poems will not, one fears, add to his very high reputation as a novelist. Many of them have a charm and quiet objective beauty; but there is never the feeling that the author *must* write. The emotional urge—even though it is intellectual emotion—which should be behind poetry does not appear in Mr. Mottram's book. Its chief claim, perhaps, is the interest in seeing what the author of the "Spanish Farm Triology" can do in this other medium. We learn from the preface that he has for many years been writing poetry under a *nom de plume*, and these poems are included in the book.

Mr. Alan Porter's Muse takes us back to the days when Miss Sitwell's "Wheels" proved catherine wheels in the poetic firmament. His verse is typically modern in its intellectuality: a little hard, as modern verse is apt to be, but conveying just that urge which we miss in the books we have been reviewing. Mr. Porter includes some earlier work, and if we confess that we like such stanzas as:—

> At times alone I watch the quiet face
> Of common loveliness and all things base
> Lose the thin bond of actuality
> And leave the true atonement in their place

in preference to the perhaps too highly intellectualized later

work, Mr. Porter will forgive us. The volume does not gain greatly from the inclusion of commendatory verses, by other poets. Mr. Porter should have allowed his work to fight its own case without this attempt to prejudice the jury. These poems prove that it can do so.

The Armed Muse, by Herbert Palmer, proves again what a fine poet he is. Unequal, and at times annoying in its obscurity, his work nevertheless is full of the real stuff of poetry.

> I am not wicked; it's my Muse that's wicked.
> I'm haunted; I'm a house that's got a ghost.
>
> I am not noble; she, my Muse, is noble.
> I'm clay; but she's a blade from Uriel's host.
>
> I am not saved; I'm outcast under Heaven.
> Yet Satan fears me, for she twists his thumbs.
>
> She's outcast, too; for proud and pitiful
> She follows me, and beats my spirit's drums.

That is Mr. Palmer's apologia, and a fair sample of his power of writing. It is a new modernity, given over rather to the spirit than the mind, and happily free from the mood of ugliness which at one time threatened English verse. All who love English poetry should watch Mr. Palmer's work.

GENERAL

SIR JOHN HAWKINS. By PHILIP GOSSE. Lane. 12s. 6d.

THIS, the latest volume to appear in the attractive "Golden Hind" series, fully maintains the high standard set by its predecessors. The adventures of Hawkins in his varied capacities of British merchant, buccaneer, diplomatist, slave-trader, Treasurer of the Navy and Admiral, are stranger than anything in fiction, and Mr. Gosse has, despite a certain immaturity of style, made excellent use of his material.

It has become rather the custom to decry Sir John because of his slave ventures, and for one fault, if such it were, to besmirch a record otherwise well-nigh blameless; but, as Mr. Gosse points out, such traffic was then esteemed an honourable pursuit, nor is it reasonable to condemn a man for not being centuries ahead of his time. There is an interesting chapter on the Tudor Navy, in the course of which we come upon the amazing information that among the guns of Henry VIII's "great ship" the "Mary Rose," sunk at Spithead in 1543 and dredged up "only a few years ago," many were "found to be breech-loaders"; while in the episode of the Armada vividly retold, the English victory, is, with reason, ascribed less to "the winds" than to the ceaseless labours of Hawkins to fit the Navy for its day of trial.

The book, admirably produced, as is usual with this series,

is a worthy record of a great Englishman whose solid achievements have been hitherto in a measure obscured by the more meteoric qualities of his kinsman, Francis Drake.

FIFTY YEARS AGAINST THE STREAM. By E. D. TYNDALE-BISCOE. Mrs. Long, The White House, Blofield, Norwich. 5s. 6d. post free.

THIS lively history of the famous C.M.S. schools at Srinagar fully justifies Lord Baden-Powell's "Foreword" concerning the "wonderful success" achieved in "developing the bodies, the characters and the souls" of several generations of Kashmiri boys, Brahmin, Mohammedan, and, chiefly from the school influence, Christian. No book could well provide more striking examples of the intense prejudices of caste. Early efforts to inculcate cleanliness were blocked by the belief of parents that if a boy was well washed and wore clean linen, the devil would carry him off, while the teaching of swimming was long delayed because that pleasant and useful art was held degrading for all but boatmen of very low caste. Football was at first barred because the Brahmins taught that "leather is unclean"! Anecdotes abound, all relating facts within the school experience. Most of them may truly be said to combine pathos and comedy in the traditional duet of "amusement and instruction" for readers.

The book is profusely supplied with photographs.

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